

Songs

FROM A
YOUNG MAN'S LAND

CLIVE PHILLIPPS-WOLLEY



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SONGS FROM
A YOUNG MAN'S LAND



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Songs from a Young Man's Land

By

CLIVE PHILLIPPS-WOLLEY

Author of "One of the Broken Brigade," "The Chicamon Stone,"
"Gold, Gold in Cariboo," etc.



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By

THOMAS ALLEN



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DEDICATION

To the memory of Lieutenant-Commander Clive Phillipps-Wolley, R.N., and those others from Canada, who like him have given their lives for their country in this war, this volume is humbly dedicated by one who when the war came was found to be too old and too crippled to be of any use in the only place where a man should be.

Perhaps to some who have fought and survived, these verses may bring back some of the local colour of the homes they fought for.

CLIVE PHILLIPPS-WOLLEY.

79550

PREFACE

This volume contains a re-issue of my "SONGS OF AN ENGLISH ESAU" which had gone out of print, and was unobtainable either in Canada or England. The kind prejudice of my Western neighbors is to be blamed for the pressure brought to bear on the publisher for its reproduction. The other half of the volume consists of my later verse most of which has had the honour to appear from time to time in such publications as the *Spectator*, the *Navy*, my old friend *The Week*, and other local papers to which I tender my thanks for allowing it to reappear here.

In extenuation, I can only plead that it was the generous recognition of one of these that ever made me write verse at all.

CLIVE PHILLIPPS-WOLLEY.

FOREWORD

"Hast thou no other blessing, O my father,
For me, thine hunter?" It was Esau's cry,
Who left his brother, all the gear to gather,
To tramp the hills and sleep beneath the sky,

And Isaac answered, "Esau, all is given—
The right to rule; the gold and easy days;
Thine the wild lands, made rich by dews of heaven;
The sword to keep, free feet to break new ways.

"No gilded cage to cramp thy splendid muscle,
No ceaseless striving for an empty gain,
But strength to throw a new world in the tussle
That makes Man master and rough places plain.

"Game of a thousand hills for herded cattle;
Sweet-scented hemlock for thy weary head;
The wind for harper; for thy pastime, battle;
And for thy record, 'In all lands he led.'

"And at the last, when Jacob's yoke is breaking,
When all thy hard-won empires call him 'lord,'
A startled world, its greedy dreams forsaking,
Shall see thy brother leaning on thy sword!"

.

Colonial Esau, wouldst thou change thy pottage
For Jacob's birthright? morning air for smoke?
Take Jacob's palace, for thy backwoods cottage?
His fettered feet, for thine which know no yoke?

His victories won, for thy delight in winning?
His wedded fortunes, for the fate you woo?
His work well ended, for thy work beginning—
Memories of deeds for deeds still left to do?

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SONGS FROM
A YOUNG MAN'S LAND

TO MY WIFE

On a mist-hidden ridge of the mountain,
Where the chamois and tûr live alone,
Lies a hunter who watches the fountain,
And the stars watch the hunter, mine own.
There's just room for his rifle beside him,
Just room for his guide at his feet;
Some two dozen inches divide him
From death and eternity sweet.
The mountain with gray hoary fingers
Points up to the heaven above—
He kneels to his God first, then lingers,
And wistfully dreams of his love.

The torrent that rages beneath him
Just makes itself heard in a moan;
The thunder-clouds, stooping, enwreath him
And curtain his pillow of stone.
The lightning that gleams on his face, girl,
Finds a smile born of thinking of thee,
And the storm-wind that swept o'er the place, girl,
Took a love message over the sea—
For soft grows the pillow of stone, dear,
If Love be the lodestar of life;
There is nothing for him to bemoan, dear,
Who can trust in his God and his wife.

A SONG OF THE AXE

When winter winds storm, and the snow-flakes swarm,
And the forest is soft to our tread;
When the women folk sit by their fires fresh lit,
Oh, ho, for the tuque of red!
With our strong arms bare, it's little we care
For politics, rates, or tax;
Let the good steel ring on the forest king—
Oh, ho, for the swing of the axe!

Your diamonds may glitter, your rubies flame,
Our gems are but frozen dew;
Yet yours grow tame, being always the same,
Ours every night will renew.
Let the world rip, tighten your grip,
Make the blades glitter and shine;
At it you go, swing to the blow,
And down with the pride of the pine!

For the trees, I ween, which have long grown green
In the light of the sun and the stars,
Must bend their backs to the lumberer's axe,
Mere timber and planks and spars.
Then oh, ho, ho, for the carpet of snow!
Oh, ho, for the forest of pine!
Wealth shall be yours, with its business and bores,
Health and hard labour be mine!

TO BURNABY AND THE CORRESPONDENTS

Poets, a verse where tears shall somewhat soften
The pride a soldier nation can but feel,
That he who sought and vanquished death so often,
Should die as he would wish to die, by steel.

Soldiers, a wreath, a wreath of laurels gory,
For those who shared your lives, your dangers
shared,
To set your fame in their immortal story
Daring themselves whatever you have dared.

First in the fight, heralds of fame in battle,
Comrades in death, their pens with life-blood wet,
No wonder if war's music and war's rattle
Ring in the lines of their despatches yet.

.

A handful to ten thousand, in your keeping
The army's safety—more, your country's fame—
You stood, the desert's knighthood o'er you sweeping,
A rock of valour islanded in flame.

Has Arthur's spirit fled? Nay! *Statesmen* blunder,
But knights and troubadours are with us still;
We vacillate at home—the battle's thunder
Finds us still lords of an unshaken will!

IS CANADA LOYAL?

Is Canada loyal? Who dares to ask? Are your colon-
ists' veins
Ducts for some colourless fluid, or red with the blood
that stains
The bosom of all the earth, from Plassy to Abraham's
Plains?

Blood that is hot from the north, fresh with the salt of
the sea;
Strong with the strength of sires who have never been
aught but free;
True with the truth of those whose creed has been
loyalty.

We, who have won you a world, from the Pole to the
Boundary Line,
Through the Land of the Lakes in the east, to the
Land of the Douglas Pine,
Hewing our road with the axe, winning our wealth in
the mine—

Have we seemed to forget? Here, where our further-
most fleet
Rides on the selfsame wave that rolls to the Russian's
feet,
Named in the name of the Queen, is the town where
our parliaments meet.

God! how we love you still! Do you think in the hours
of gloom

There comes no whisper of home? Look, where our
dead find room,

Are those *native* flowers you find, heather and rose and
broom?

Those who have stayed may not hear the beat of their
hearts in the crowd:

We of the prairies hear, and are not to be bought
or cowed—

British in Britain's van, have we no right to be proud?

War? We would rather peace; but, mother, if fight
you must,

There be none of your sons on whom you can lean
with a surer trust;

Bone of your bone are we, and in death would be dust
of your dust!

ODE FOR THE DIAMOND JUBLIEE

With throats unsteady, eyes by love made dim,
O Queen, the people of your last vedette
Turn towards their home and lift their hearts to Him—
Hearts that cannot forget.

We who have known no master—who were hurled
By the old Wander Spirit of your seas
Into wild space to found another world—
We, Mother, bend our knees

Not for ourselves. We scarce find time to pray,
Breaking new lands where feebler folk may glean—
Prayers for the night, deeds for our waking day,
Only, "God save the Queen!"

God save the Queen! Our dimpled children sing
The same grand anthem with dear baby breath
That rang to heaven when Allan Wilson's ring
Taught men the pride of death.

God save the Queen! From formless isles where wind
Storm-shadowed pathways of the homing seal,
Through driven spume, through fog banks murk and
blind,
God hears the same appeal.

Thy workers' voices, many millions strong,
Bear to God's throne the prayer of sixty years;
From wan white lips—through nights by pain made
long,—
A deeper note He hears.

O Queen, thou knowest we have lived and died
To set thy name all royal names above;
Sweet-hearted woman, more than Britain's pride
Thou countest Britain's love!

Therefore, to-morrow, sons who stand apart
In every realm within the Almighty's ken,
Hearing the throb that shakes a nation's heart,
Shall swell our Great Amen!

THE KOOTENAY PROSPECTOR

Lay that there in the shadow—for God's sake don't call
it him;

That bundle of frozen clothing we found in the drift
aint Jim;

Not Jim as I knew, my partner, Jim fit and strong as
an ox,

That thing without muscle or movement, and limp as
my sodden socks!

Leave that alone in the shadow, and pile a log on the
fire—

Jim's gone, I guess, where the sparks go a-climbin'
higher and higher;

Not that they gets there neither. That log sucked sun-
light and dew

In bygone springs when it budded, where the yellow
snowdrops grew;

And now it's goin' to nothin' but ash and a feeble
spark,

That wavers away towards heaven and goes out, of
course, in the dark.

Climbin'! Is that all we're made for, like the armies of
silent pine

Which climb and climb on for ever from the gulch to
the timber line?

Not one in a million get there. When they do they
wither and die.

See them! white, withered, wind-twisted, corpse trees
in a winter sky!

Prospectin'! that's what they call it. Hard labour an'
hunger an' cold—
That's what prospectin' is, mates: a hunt for a devil,
gold—
Gold as buys women and whiskey, hands shaky and
eyesight dim;
A lot of bummers to suck you dry, but never a pal like
Jim.

That wasn't the way as Jim talked. That wasn't the
way Jim thought.
He worked 'cause he loved the labour; he was born
to fight, so he fought.
He loved the danger, the hardship, black canyon and
shifting slide—
I seed him laugh in the face o' death right there where
you say he died.

An' it was a game worth playin', alone at the heart of
the world,
Where mighty snowslides thundered an' long gray
vapours curled—
When we, mere pigmies, ventured to storm Creation's
hold;
Staked our lives on the blindest bluff, an' played the
world for her gold;
Climbed to the Throne of Mornin'; sunk shafts to the
roof of Hell,
Till the hot air scorched our faces, an' water hissed as
it fell:
Worked like men in the daytime, slept neath the sweet-
breathed trees,
Lulled by the drone of the foaming crik an' songs of
the chickadees.

We had great things then for our comrades, the Forces
of Earth for foes—

There's one of us down, and another don't care a
curse when he goes.

They laughed in our face in the cities—the fat smug
cities back east—

Thought we were both of us loony, somethin' half man,
half beast.

Cities! my God, we build 'em. Do you mind how Ross-
land rose?

Do you mind the first log shanty we built among the
snows?

Do you mind how two years later their iron horses
raced

From north and south "the Boundary" to the goal that
we had placed?

An' now there are twice three thousand where then
there were none but three,

An' devil a-one in Rossland town has heered of Jim or
me.

Do you mind the fire at Kaslo, or the storm that
drowned her out?

We warmed our hands at the blazing shacks and rebuilt
in a waterspout.

Do you mind—Ay, ay, you mind it, and *that*, my God,
is the end—

Nerveless, speechless, sightless, and deaf to the voice of
his friend!

No! No! It is not in reason. I know that the heavens
are far,

But I don't believe that the sparks go out: I know that
they reach the Star.

THE WESTERN PIONEER

I can hear the willows whisperin', way down the Arctic
Slope—

Every shiverin' little leaflet gray with fear—
There's no colour in the heavens, and on earth there
seems no hope,
And the shadow of the winter's on the year.

An' it's lonesome, lonesome, lonesome, when the russet
gold is shed,

An' the naked world stands waitin' for the Doom;
With the northern witch-fires dancin' in the silence
overhead,

An' my camp fire just an island in the gloom.

When the very bears are hidin' from the Terror that's
to come,

An' the unseen wings above me whistle south,
When, except the groanin' pine trees and the willows,
nature's dumb,

And the river roadway freezes to its mouth.

But I cannot strike the home trail—I would not if I
could—

An' I want no other's smoke across my sky;
When I drop I'll drop alone, as alone I've allus stood;
On the frontier, as a leader, let me die.

I wouldn't know men's language, I couldn't think their
thought;

I couldn't bear the hurry of mankind,
Where every acre's built on, where all God made is
bought,

And they'd almost make a hireling of the wind.

I've been allus in the lead since I grew grass high,
Since my father's prairie schooner left the Known
For a port beyond the sky-line, never seen by human
eye,
Where God and God's creation dwell alone.

'Way back I heard men callin'—one woman's voice
was fond—
An' the rich lands towards harvest murmured
"Rest";
But a sweeter voice kept callin', from the Unexplored
Beyond,
A wild voice in the mountains callin' "West."

I heard it in the foot hills—then I climbed the Great
Divide
In the canyon—and I faced the rapids' roar;
In the little breeze at dawnin', in the dusk at eventide,
The voice that kept a callin' went before.

My crooked hands are empty; my six-foot frame is
bent;
There ain't nothin' but my trail to leave behind;
An' the voice that I have followed has not told me what
it meant,
An' the eyes that sought a sign are nearly blind;

But I hear it callin' still, as I lay me down to rest,
An' I dream the voice I love has never lied,
That I hear a People comin', the Great People of the
West,
An' 'twas His voice maybe callin' me to guide.

OUR WESTERN GIRL

Where the sage brush rolls in an infinite flood
As far as the eye can see,
Where the strong air works like wine in the blood
As you ride through flowers to the knee;

Where the width of a world, unfenced, unwon,
Waits always the men who dare,
And the galloping hoofs of your unshod dun
Ring the knell of that old knave Care:

There's a girl to be wooed if your hand be strong,
To be won if your heart be true—
A girl with a laugh like a lavrock's song,
And eyes of the viking blue.

When the hounds run mute and the best men *ride*,
And the wolf's life hangs on his speed,
There's never a man in the country-side
Can live with that girl in the lead.

Her brown hair, kissed by the morning sun,
Blows wild in the prairie breeze;
Her eyes are French in their wayward fun,
But deep as the English seas;

Her dear little hands are as brown as a nut,
Not baby things merely for show,
But light on the bridle and firm on the butt,
And tender—as sufferers know.

A girl she is when the skies are bright,
A woman when life goes wrong;
Sweetness in sunshine, in darkness light,
Saucy and straight and strong.

A CHRISTMAS GREETING

Shake! cries a voice from the mountain;
Shake! shouts a voice from the mine;
Shake! let the hands of brothers
Meet over the Boundary Line—

Hands that as hands of children
Clasped round one mother's knee;
That old, old love they look back to—
That country over the sea;

Hands that as hands of workers
Have twisted the world to their will—
Have caught the angel of thunder
And set him to drive a drill.

The wealth of the world's in their pocket,
The trade of the world is theirs,
Their ships can unloose it or lock it,
The Powers may grumble. Who cares?

Shake! Let the hand of England
Go out to the hand of the States;
Let the hands which rule the nations
Meet in one grip—as mates.

Why should *we* stand asunder—
We! men of one speech, one birth?
Shake! and God only under,
Be absolute Lords of the Earth!

CRAWLING OUT

Green-gray is the sea of sage brush, gray-green as the
waves of the sea;

Grey-green are the hemlock and cedar; and gray is
the heart in me.

The forests are armies of giants, dumb giants; here
no birds sing,

Here dance no lights with the shadows, no ivy or
clematis cling.

The mountains are haunted, silent; words die on the
lips unsaid;

The wolf is howling with hunger; hunger wheels on
wide wings overhead.

I crawl towards the far horizon, an atom drifting
through Space,

Past the bones and the buffalo wallows, by the trails of
a vanished race,

And I long for the choir of skylarks, for the coo of the
mating dove,

For the liquid note of the throstle's throat, for the
songs of the land I love.

For the hum of the mighty cities, for the faces which
come and pass,

For the voices of spring when streamlets sing, and
the murmur of life in the grass.

For the sweet, sweet breath of the beanfields, the scent
of the fresh-turned sod,

For arms which wait by my cottage gate, and the
bells which cry to God.

I am man, and the world is mighty. Should I die thus
a lone outcast,

Could I find the goal where that other soul will be one
with mine at last?

THE CHAIN OF EMPIRE

(Ross Bay Cemetery, British Columbia)

Through gray salt grass the April breezes creep;
To your still feet the long blue rollers swing;
The drowsy sea fowl mutter in their sleep;
Above your headstones honeysuckles cling,
Flowers of your eastern home, your English Spring.

Silent your camp! The last camp on that trail
Worn between oceans by your tireless feet;
Yet where a new sea spreads, where dry lands fail,
Where East and West, where old and new worlds
meet,
Your gray nurse welcomes you, your work complete.

Wayfaring children, gathered round her breast,
Your sea nurse murmurs in your slumbering ears
The same brave song that stirred or lulled to rest
The stormy hearts of those, your sires and peers,
Vikings, and Conquerors, and Pioneers,

Whose oaken keels ploughed roads through seas un-
known,
To shores unnamed, till English swords had writ
Some word of Empire on them. Far and lone
Like fledgling eagles, England's outposts sit.
'Twas theirs to win—it has been yours to knit.

Through black battalions, whence the Wood Lords
creep,

Whitening with age, towards the peaks of God;
O'er dizzy fields, where snowslides plough and reap;
Through those lone lands, where Time and Death
abode

With Nature brooding, till your brave feet trod,

Ye drave your way. Now red from main to main
Your camp fires smoulder still. Around them grow
The home fires of your people, one long chain
Through apple bloom, and gold of corn, and snow,
The chain of love—the only chain they know.

.

Where were you when the Spirit called you forth?
Dreaming, in old world gardens sweet with stocks,
Or, 'mid the purple heather of the North,
Watching the wanderings of your half-wild flocks,
Till some white gull's wing glistened o'er the rocks

And took your eyes out seaward, where the wind
Filled the strong sails, and mocked your idle rest?
How could you, Viking-bred, have stayed behind,
You who had sucked at that old mother's breast,
Whose children win the world, from East to West?

How could you go? Whilst Spring with cuckoo calls,
With all the music in which wood-birds woo,
With hymning larks, and hedgerow madrigals
Girlish with sunshine, sweet with cushats' coo,
Bade you to dream; how did you dare to do?

Nay rather, could you stay? Through warm red loam
Ran the sea rover's path. A wild salt scent
Blown over seas, pierced through the apple bloom;
The dove's soft voice with Ocean's call was blent.
You could not stay; you could not be content.

How could you rest? Whilst thick on every hand
The air grew foul with smoke, men cried for bread;
With half a world untrod, they prayed for land,
For room to breathe, for leave to work and wed.
They needed leaders. God be praised, you led!

What was it that ye slew? An old world's gloom.
What won? A staunching of sweet woman's tears;
Bread for the children; for the strong men, room;
Empire for Britain; for your failing years
Rest, in the front rank of Her pioneers.

O seed of Empire! sown as Britain sows
With lavish hand, broadcast from East to West,
Sleep! whilst the harvest of your effort grows;
Sleep! knowing that your mother England knows;
Sleep! knowing that She sows but of Her best!

A WESTERN YACHTING SONG

Oh, my dainty coquette has her white sails set,
She curtsies and bends to the Breeze.
Come along! come along! is this wild lover's song,
But the kiss that she takes is the Sea's.

Coquette to the core, she mocks at the shore,
As she sees its green knolls go by;
Though she lies there at rest when the savage south-
west
Makes the spume and the black clouds fly.

But the shore is too safe for my white-winged waif,
The voice of the breeze too sweet;
She is filled with the pain of the restless main
In the month when the seasons meet.

'Tis an April breeze treads the April seas;
April! sings bird to mate;
So she longs to go, and she longs to know;
She is woman, and will not wait.

She yearns to be kist by the violet mist
That coils round the mountain's feet;
She must race till she rest in the dream-loving west
Where the blue and the deep blue meet.

So I give her her will, and her strong sails fill
With innocent sweet desire,
While the Lord of the Day strikes the gun-barrel gray
Of the waves with his shafts of fire,

Till the fields of the sea glow a mystery
Of sapphire and golden green,
Threaded and lined by that artist the wind
In a dazzle of damascene.

All the merry day long the the Sea gives her song,
And she drinks of his strong sweet brine;
While her lover the Breeze brings her odour of trees,
But the heart of coquette is mine.

THE SEA QUEEN WAKES

The flying squardon, which together with the existing available squadrons with which it is proposed to join it, will form the most powerful fleet of war vessels ever put afloat.—*Excerpt from the "Colonist," January 11, 1896.*

She wakes! in the furthest West the murmur has
reached our ears.

She wakes! in the furthest East the Russian listens and
fears.

She wakes! the ravens clamour, the winds cry over-
head;

The wandering waves take up the cry, "She wakes,
whom Nations dread!"

At last ye have roused the Sea Queen; at last, when the
World unites,

She stirs from her scornful silence, and wakes to Her
last of fights.

Alone, with a World against Her, She has turned on
the snarling crew,

No longer the Peaceful Trader, but the Viking North
Seas knew.

She calls, and Her ships of battle—dragons Her seas
have bred—

Glide into Plymouth harbour, and gather round Beachy
Head.

She wakes! and the clang of arming echoes through all
the Earth,

The ring of warriors' weapons, stern music of soldiers'
mirth.

In the world there be many nations, and there gathers
round every Throne

The strength of earth-born armies, but the sea is Eng-
land's own.

As She ruled, She still shall rule it, from Plymouth to
Esquimalt,

As long as the winds are tameless—as long as the
waves are salt.

This may be our Armageddon; seas may purple with
blood and flame

As we go to our rest for ever, leaving the world a name.

What matter? There have been none like us, nor any
to tame our pride;

If we fall, we shall fall as they fell, die as our Fathers
died—

What better? The seas that bred us shall rock us to
rest at last,

If we sink with the Jack still flying, nailed to the
Nation's mast.

THE U. E. LOYALISTS

There is a voice in the markets—the voice of the Little
Men,
Whose pulses beat in their pockets, whose black blood
flows in the pen;
Men they be of the Present, who had no share in our
Then.

These whisper of annexation, and a shudder creeps
over the sod
Wherever our best blood dyed it, wherever a Loyalist
trod,
Lest the land they won for England should at last take
Greed for its god.

But the pines which have lived for ever sing a song of
the elder years,
Strong with the strength of manhood, liquid with
woman's tears—
A song they learned in the old time from Virginia's
Cavaliers.

The waves which know the English still shout that
song round Maine,
Of love revealed in sacrifice, of courage proved by
pain,
Of the burden borne for England, and the strength
that stood the strain.

.

It was autumn: the swamps were crimson where the
maples died in flame,
Crimson the fields with slaughter, and crimson men's
brows with shame;
A cloud hung over the pine woods, and a cloud on the
English name—

For she who had held her eyry at the gates of the
Inner Main,
Whilst Elliott mocked the Frenchman and laughed in
the beard of Spain,
Who lit the seas with her foemen's fleets and glutted
hell with their slain—

She who alone, unaided, had brought the East to its
knee,
Whose merchants builded empires, whose Vikings
swept the sea,
Had sold her soul for a trader's toll, forgetting her
sons were free;

Had hardened her heart to her children; was deaf to
the voice of Pitt,
Who had led her in love from her ashes to the throne
where sea-gods sit,
Till the swords which rebuilt her Empire were drawn
to dismember it—

Till those who would not betray her, who loathed the
deed of Lee,
Had to choose between their England and death on the
gallows tree—
It was "Loyalist lands for the rebels; short shrift for
the refugee."

There were thirty thousand loyal, there were thirty
thousand tried;
And a man may face starvation, but not with a wife at
his side,
And this way pleaded Prudence, and that way pleaded
Pride.

But our ladies' lips were loyal, our ladies' hearts were
high,
And their song was a call to battle, though it closed
in a woman's sigh,
This song first sung in a homestead as Butler's men
went by:

.

SONG OF THE WIFE

It's hard to leave the land we love, the land your fathers won;
It's hard to think the dear old days, our sweetheart days, are
done;
It's hard to think the men you ruled will never know our son.

I know the field where corn-sheaves stand with Robin's blood is
wet;
I mind a thousand childish things that you, old man, forget;
But, Dick, if we be old and gray, our hearts are English yet!

Do you mind the lanes, the bonny lanes? How sweet the haw-
thorn smelt!
Do you mind the church, the dear old church, where you and I
once knelt?
Do you mind the name you gave me, Dick, and the honour that
it spelt?

Do you mind the vows we plighted when these dim eyes were
blue?

Do you mind a time in all these years that you've had cause to
rue?

If not, Dick, be the man you are—as I've been true be true.

.

They left the home of their fathers, by sorrow and love
made sweet—

Halls that had rung a hundred years to the tread of
their people's feet;

The farms they had carved from the forest where the
maple and pine trees meet.

He left his years of manhood, he left his place of pride;
And she, she left the little room where her first baby
died.

Ah, God! how each familiar thing to that fond mother
cried!

The rebels held our homesteads; "Ours" laid them
down in the moss.

The world was loud with their triumph; the woods
were dumb with our loss.

They sat on the throne as victors; the throne of our
love was a cross.

'Mid slow, soft-footed things that creep, at the edge of
the eve and dawn,

The women went with their young ones as a doe goes
by with her fawn,

While the men they loved went on before, guns ready
and sabres drawn.

They passed down the silent rivers which flow to the
mighty lake;
They left what they'd made for England (but those
who have made can make),
And founded a new dominion for God and their coun-
try's sake.

.

Ay, talk of annexation, and our men may lend their
ears
When your land has matched the courage of Brock's
baby volunteers—*
When your land has writ its story in men's blood and
woman's tears;

But whilst the Jack is waving, and the land we love
replies
In the red and white of orchards, in our blue Cana-
dian skies,
If a man dare call us "traitors"—by the God of
Heaven, he lies!

*There were volunteers only ten years old in Brock's regi-
ment.

HISTORICAL NOTE

Looking back from the peace of Versailles (1782) a man of that day would have been reminded of the depth of England's humiliation before Pitt, her "idol and the terror of France, had raised his country to the height of glory"—would have heard in fancy the canon of the Tower and the bells of the Abbey proclaiming the victories of Clive in India; of those great sea captains, Rodney, Anson, and Howe; or of gallant Sir George Elliott, who kept the Rock three years against the power of France and Spain.

In the period upon which he looked back there would be much to make an English heart swell with pride; but the deed done his own day was finer than any done in the days of Pitt, as an example of what men of our blood will do and suffer for England.

In 1776 an attempt to levy a certain tax drove the American Colonists into revolt. In 1782 that revolt ended in the separation of the United States from England. From the first, the Colonists were unanimous in resenting the imposition of the tax, but were divided as to the means for obtaining redress of their grievances. Some relied upon the influence of such men at home as Pitt, Burke, and Fox, and upon constitutional measures; others, loud-tongued and more loyal perhaps to their own interests than to any sentiment, clamoured for separation.

Through the long years of the war the Loyalists fought, against their neighbours and against their own interests, for a country many of them had never seen, and at the end of the war they had their reward. The Liberty men prevailed.

Before the war, the Loyalists were for the most part leading men in their several colonies, rich in lands and in repute. At the end of the war it is recorded that the New York Legislature enacted that "all Loyalists found within the States should be adjudged guilty of misprison of high treason, and that all such were for ever ineligible as voters and disqualified from enjoying any legislative, judicial, or executive office"; that Massachusetts denounced death against 380 of her people without judge, jury, opportunity of defence, or benefit of clergy, because they were reported to be Loyalists; that such men as the Doanes, Sewalls, Robinsons, and others were tarred and feath-

ered; and that, generally, Loyalists were driven out, their homes confiscated, and Indians even set upon their track to hound them down, because they had loved England more than they had loathed oppression. And yet, in spite of all this, marvellous as it may seem, very few flinched. These men who had fought for England were ready to suffer for her. To the number of 30,000 they set their faces to the North, and, wandering down rivers and through forests, settled round Lake Ontario and founded Upper Canada. England showed her appreciation of their devotion by voting £10,000,000 to repair their losses: Canada showed the quality of her love by the fact that not one in ten of the United Empire Loyalists either asked for this aid or took it.

But they took the badge which the Mother Country gave, and wear it with pride to-day; and it is well that those who talk of annexation should know what the letters U. E. L. mean, and that not only in Ontario (Canada's heart) but all through the Dominion, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the spirit of the United Empire Loyalists still lives and has to be counted with.

FOOLED

Night in the pines, in the black bull-pines,
On the height of the bleak divide,
Where the year-long gloom of the sullen north
And the snows of the last fall bide;

Tracks in the snow of the wandering bear,
The hoot of a questing owl,
Sobbing of winds that have lost their way—
From the lake, a gray wolf's howl;

Flakes that hiss in my dying fire,
Thoughts that burn in my brain:
"Have I bartered my soul for the world's desire
To get me a bond slave's chain?"

I see the fires of a thousand camps,
From the Randt to the Arctic Slope,
Strung over the world like a line of lamps
On the endless road of Hope.

I hear the song of a thousand creeks,
Washing coarse gold from the hill,
The day-long beat of the pack train's feet,
The monotonous ring of the drill.

The mist rolled off from the red-brown fern
As I rose with the dew in my hair;
Sodden and stiff with a long day's toil,
I crept half dead to my lair;

My body stained with the rust-red drip
Which dropped from my master's hold,
My soul dyed red with a deeper stain,
The stain of that devil—Gold.

My loins grew bent, my hands grew crooked,
My eyes grew blear and dim,
Away from the light of the blessed day
In the holes where I followed Him.

Toiling for millions I could not use,
While the life I might use went by,
What wonder the Devil laughs loud to-night
As he watches his bond slave die!

When I climbed from the hot lush cedar woods
To the snows of the mountain goat,
Nature was with me in many moods—
I had only eyes for "float."*

I heard no sigh in the stately trees,
No voice from the God above;
I asked no pleasure, I sought no ease;
I laughed at the dear word "love."

That was for fools in the world below,
The world I would have and hold,
With all that it knew or I cared to know,
When I'd won me the key to it—Gold.

"Ho! Ho!" Is that only the questing owl?
Or is it the Thing I sought?
The Thing that promised "the world fenced in"—
That, promising all, gave nought—

*Float is the prospector's term for detached fragments of a reef—or quartz vein.

The Thing that blinks in the river sand,
That glares from the night-black shaft?
Was it the call of a hunting owl,
Or was it a devil laughed?

.

There were brave days too, when my birch canoe
Shot down along streams unknown,
Where the alders budded, a rose gray fringe,
And the great fish flashed and shone.

Hog-like I rooted where wild flowers cling;
I drilled the Earth to her core;
I found her sweet as a maid in spring,
I left her a brazen whore.

Lurid and loud the smelter rose
In the place where the Douglas grew,
From the scented silence of forest moss,
Till it rocked and dreamed in the blue.

Then the men swarmed in, the wild things went,
And the voices of birds grew still,
And the ring of the builder's tool was blent
With the miner's blast in the hill.

Men felled God's forests; His rocks they scarred;
The silence of God they broke;
His temple they changed to a builder's yard,
His sun they veiled with their smoke.

From the heart of the place came a roaring sound
Of engines men build and weld—
A throb and a beat and a liquid heat,
And the scream of a power hard held.

The upward leap of ravenous flames,
The ceaseless whirl of the wheels,
The livid hues of the molten rock
That writhes like a thing that feels.

'Twas red, warm red, gold red all day;
'Twas red, blood red, all night;
No pale priest's prayer could fright men there,
No God's sword reach to smite.

Let me crawl back to the world I know,
Where the brute men strove and bled;
Give me fires of hell for your fields of snow;
It is silence and sight I dread.

Thy skies, Lord Christ, are cruel clear,
Thy snows too saintly white;
I cannot bide on the mountain side,
I dare not die in the night.

The Great Assayer will rack my soul
From crucible to cupel;
I have learned the value of gold on earth—

“Ho! ho! you shall learn it in hell!”

FEBRUARY 22nd

The Sou'-West harps and the great pines sway;
It is winter and the young Spring waits;
The sun is blind with the freezing spray,
The snowstorms drive and the woods grow gray,
And the gray seas roar through the Straits.

The wolf-winds harry the wrecks by night;
It is winter and the young Spring waits;
The snow peaks frown and the wolds grow white,
The sun has no warmth and the day no light,
And the sea bird screams to its mates.

In the shifting gloom life's shadows crowd;
It is winter and the young Spring waits;
Lost loves go by in the flying cloud,
Earth is a tomb and the sky its shroud,
And the mourners stay at the gates.

But the gray fog breaks, the strong sun shines;
It was winter, but the young Spring came
With sheen of grass and scent in the pines,
With baby leaves for the eglantines,
And a thought of a sweetheart's name.

Buds for the oak and life in the rain,
For purpling brakes where mad birds sing;
An elfin glamour on mead and main,
The clang and cry of the wild fowls' skein
Beating north on passionate wing.

The freed streams flow, the peaks are aglow,
In the sunlight the little waves sing;
There's a God above and a girl below,
The world is glad, for her children know
It is Spring, it is Spring, it is Spring!

A CONTRAST

Vancouver, May, 1787

Sun and a dreamy breeze ; the sweet strong scent of the
brine ;

The song of a world that waits, crooned by the swaying
pine ;

Or rain that was heavy and soft, and maddened the
Earth like wine.

Feet that stole through the moss ; sun-warmed shadows
that crept

Over the sleeping hills, over the trees that slept ;

Or an idle Indian's sail that gleamed where the salmon
leapt.

A land of uncounted time, of careless, infinite rest,
Where the stir, if stir there was, was the stir of a
dreamer's breast,

That rose with the rise and fall of the golden heart of
the West.

By a measureless unsailed sea, whose ways were tra-
velled and known,

By the migrant herds of the whale and the seals of the
Arctic zone—

A world as its Maker made it—unpeopled, unspoiled,
alone.

Vancouver, May, 1887

Scent of the new-sawn cedar, scars on the bosom of
Earth,

The fretful song of the saw as it grinds through the
giant's girth—

Ruin and waste of woodland, the throes of a town at
its birth.

Growths that thrust through the sidewalk, growths
forced back by the fence,

The rankness of virgin forest, deep-rooted, prodigal,
dense;

The clamour of man, and Nature, silent, inert, im-
mense.

Feet on the sidewalk eager, noisy, confident, quick,
Where the deer stole by in the moonlight, and the
wapiti used to pick

Their dainty steps on the carpet, moss-woven, sound-
less and thick.

The voice of Nature silenced, save for the frogs in the
fen,

Claiming their ancient holdings, monotonous, mani-
fold—then

The scream of the locomotive, the voices and homes of
men.

THE COLONISTS' PRAYER

(February, 1901)

We be rude men, O Lord, who in lone woods,
Having learned the lessons that Thy mountains
teach,

Hold silence worthier, in our earnest moods,
Than easy-flowing speech.

Nay, more, O Lord! The stricken of our race
Are taught to close the lips and lift the head;
Only the sea keens round our burial-place,
Dry-eyed we face our dead.

As men who burst, unthinking, on the sea,
Or climb the crags from which the mornings glide,
Blinded and dumb, we bend a nation's knee
By Her who was Our Pride.

There be no words to Nature's greatest songs;
There be no words for Britain's greatest woe;
But Thou, to Whom the secret heart belongs,
Thou, Britain's God, must know.

How Britain loved Her! how our heads went higher
When, in strange lands, the singing of Her name,
In that old song which breathed our hearts' desire,
Set every cheek aflame!

And Thou, who countest Nature more than Art,
Who seest what is not patent to the crowd,
Thou know'st the unuttered sorrow of the heart
Is truer than the loud

Sweet Minster music. Therefore, Father, heed
The motherless children of the northern sea,
Who cry to Thee in this their bitterest need,
Asking no gift of Thee

For their own profit chiefly, but Her sake
Who, being the very spirit of Britain, willed
Her scattered Empire one sound whole to make,
With every discord stilled.

Weld us in one, with Thee, O Lord, for Head;
Call in Her children from all seas, all lands,
And, in Her memory, round their Mother's bed
For ever join their hands.

STRATHCONA'S CAVALIERS

Do you hear the spurs a-ringing through the wide
nor'-west,

Where our prairie cattle scrape away the snow?

Do you hear the hearts a-beating of our bravest and
our best,

Though fahrenheit marks forty-five below?

Do you hear the crisp snow crunching on twilit north-
ern trails?

Do you see the homing shadows cross the white?

Jewel bright the Arctic moonlight, but it's death to
him who fails

To keep his tired feet moving through the night.

These have heard the Voice a-calling, the Voice they've
known for years,

The Voice that stirs the heart of such as these;

And they're coming from the Lone Lands, Strathcona's
Cavaliers,

To the aid of Her who bred them over-seas.

They be wardens of our marches, the pilgrims of our
plains,

The woodsmen from waste places in the West,

With the blood of Rupert's riders running redly
through their veins,

And the only thing the devils dread is rest.

Take and tire them if you're able, lose or lick them if
you can;

Find something they won't venture or can't ride;
Let the bronco buck its skin off, we're prepared to bet
our man

Will be found securely sitting on its hide.

They have held uncounted cattle when the nights were
dark as doom,

They have played with Arctic rapids for their lives,
They have known the pinch of hunger, and the chill
of forest gloom,

And the struggle where the strong alone survives.

From the blood that you have lent us take the best that
we have bred,

Taught and tempered where men have to stand
alone;

As Strathcona's heart their hearts are; if you count
them with your dead,

You shall count them in the front rank of your own.

AN INVITATION

We have broken the trail from East to West,
We have clambered the Great Divide,
We have cut our road through the mountain's crest,
And the gates lie open wide.

We have won our way to the Young Man's Land,
From the haunts of creeping greed,
Where they reckon a man by his gold in hand,
And not by the worth of his deed.

We have ploughed our deserts, reaped our snow,
We have stormed the New World's hold,
We have staked our lives on a gambler's throw,
And the least we have won is gold.

Now, if ye dream as your Rupert dreamed,
If ye dare as our Douglas did,
When our world an ocean of mountains seemed,
When her golden heart lay hid;

If ye need space for your crowded race,
We have won you lands to spare,
And the greatest ocean on all Earth's face
Waits for ships with your British ware.

If ye cry for bread, lo, our prairie land
Brimms over with golden grain;
If ye yearn for the help of a brother's hand,
Ye'll not yearn here in vain.

We bid you welcome to enter in,
To work as your fathers wrought,
If ye keep the faiths of your Saxon kin,
And the laws our Begbie taught.

TO BRITAIN'S "GRAND ROUNDS"

You have heard your sentries challenge
From every seaward head;
You have found young nations growing
Wherever we sowed our dead.

You have felt the Heart of Empire
In the far lands, throb and stir;
You have seen eyes flash a welcome
That but late grew dim for Her.

You have learned how men forgotten
In the time of need forget;
You have seen Your Builders building—
Their lives are the stones they set.

You have tried the Chain that binds us—
Have you found its links unworn?
The Chain that binds Earth's wand'ring race
To the Home where it was born;

The Chain that the Children fashioned,
From the love of early years,
Love inborn, tempered, tested,
By distance, and time, and tears.

You heard—can You read the meaning
Of the voiceless cry, the throe
That shakes our camps from Earth's red heart
To plains of the sunless snow?

If so, take the Children's message:
"By deeds we do and have done,
By the love we bear for England,
By our oath to the Great Queen's Son;

“By the fame we share in common,
By blood we were proud to shed,
By our folk in God’s safe keeping,
Our own, and our Royal Dead—

“Hear now our hearts’ cry and help us,
Great Son of Her Royal Son,
Pray your Father gather His people,
And make of His Nations, One.

“And if he needs soldiers, send us
Seed corn from Home we may sow;
Since love comes of knowing, blend us
Only with Britons who know.”

So pass, Grand Rounds, with this password
While the World’s Way rocks and rings,
And your sea beasts bay a welcome
To the Son of our Sea-throned Kings.

The links in the Chain of Empire—
Love, law, mother-tongue, our fame—
Are clasped here and clinched for ever,
By us with His Mother’s name!

THE TROUBADOUR OF SPRING

One moment, from black-purple cloud,
Shrills through the wood of bone-white limbs,
The bitter East: then sweet and loud
And full of faith, and fearless, swims
The wildest of the thrush's hymns.

High on the summit of the larch,
He mocks the storms that round him beat;
Breasts all the bitterness of March,
Because behind the driving sleet
He hears young April's dancing feet.

He sees, beyond the present gloom,
The hawthorn in white broidery drest,
Primrose and daffodil in bloom,
And, lit by sunlight from the West,
The blue eggs in his lady's nest.

He sings, and over all the earth,
On waters wild, and forests drear,
The men who share his English birth
See, through a sun-lit April tear,
All that once was, still is, most dear.

Softer the stock dove's drone may be,
The bard of eve more sweetly sing,
The lark's be Heaven's own minstrelsy;
From England's Heart *his* brave songs spring,
She hails him Troubadour of Spring!

Take all the songs for aching ears,
For wearied brains and hearts that long,
But leave me in my waning years
The voice I loved when I was strong,
The challenge of the thrush's song.

THE WORTH OF THE PRIZE

An American publication seriously debated the value in dollars and cents of a discoverer's success to him, should he succeed in reaching the North Pole.

Shame on this pitiful cry, "How much will the prize
be worth

In dollars and cents to the seaman who wins to the
Furthest North?"

Sea, that was nurse to our nation, that cradled us,
buried our dead,

Are the men that we breed to-day such men as our best
days bred?

Do our hearts grow cold with age, as the heart of
earth grows cold,

That we put a price on the priceless, and sell what men
never sold

When the song they loved was the humming of un-
known seas at their keel,

When travel was no mere drumming, when the noblest
metal was steel,

When the peers of Earth's northern races were clean
from the market's mud,

And the price of a nation's honour was paid not in coin
but blood?

Not for a hireling's wages were the triumphs of Bri-
tain won,

More She cared for the Doing, than the gain of the
Deed when done;

Those who first made us a nation, when man was no
mere machine

(With a Stock Exchange quotation) to gather with
hands unclean

The profits of scheming and lying, believed to their
hearts' last throb

A man's life was better than dying a multi-millioned
snob.

The strength that is ours, O Sea! we drew from your
generous breast.

True lover who asks no fee, companion who knows no
rest,

Sing us our nursery song to draw us as then you drew
When your ways were yet to find, and the ravens of
Norway flew

In the wake of our wandering ships, when our heroes'
eyes were bright

Not with the greed of gold, but with varying deep sea
light,

When the cheeks of our men were red, not with the
strong wine's flame

But the kisses of her they loved, that sea they could
never tame.

Nothing they knew of markets or the miser's sordid
joys;

When their beards grew white with weather, they died
with hearts like boys'.

What will the prize be worth? Did the men of the
"Mayflower" dream

Of your seventy million men, and your blatant eagle's
scream?

They scattered what they had gathered to follow a
Holy Grail,

Leaving the things that perish for the faith in which
none fail.

They steered for the Great Unknown, for the sake of a
simple creed
Which taught that their God would find, all things that
a man should need.
They were bred so free, your fathers, that they would
not serve their sire;
And ye, will ye only venture when ye weigh and count
your hire?
When the god we served was Odin, the prize we asked
was fame,
But we learned of a higher courage and bent to a
Nobler Name;
Learned that to perfect manhood fame smacked too
much of price
That the crown of the Anglo-Saxon was mute self-sac-
rifice.

Surely ye lay up treasure where the mean man may
break in!
Surely ye choose a contest in which mongrel folk must
win!
Back! from the feet of Mammon to the knees of your
fathers' God;
Back! from the market byways to the trails your kins-
men trod.
The world's map is your ledger; write there as your
fathers wrote,
Wherever a man could clamber, wherever a ship could
float.
Is it better, think ye, to grovel, to gather The Thing
Accurst,
Or die in touch of the World's last goal, beggared,
forlorn, but *first*?

SEED CORN

"It's but for a year or two, sweetheart; a year, at the
utmost twain,
And then, rich with the gold of our getting, we'll sail
back home again.
It's six days over the ocean, and six over mountain
and plain,
And who that had courage to venture, ever adventured
in vain?
The may will be sweet in the meadows, and welcoming
hands will wait
To cling to our hands, my darling, when we drive to
the old white gate.
It is only a twelve days' journey; it's only a twelve-
months' play;
It's May, and the hope time, Mary! It will surely
be always May!"
.
The waves sang them, "Westward to fortune"; but
somewhere a seamew cried,
"Farewell to you, seed corn of England." Closer she
clung to his side
Through gloom of forests gigantic, by the wan gray
waves of the lake,
She answered their "Never, never" with "Only a year
for his sake."
With a laugh for long years she laboured, making pre-
tence to play
At the "chores" that withered her beauty and wore her
young heart away,
Until Hope crept into the forest, and one who lurked
at the door
Heard a wife to a husband whisper, "Only a year or
two more." 63

The years stole past while they laboured unnoticed on
moccasined feet,
And one by one to the silence passed the comrades they
longed to meet,
Till the lad and the lass who started with a cheer from
the old white gate
Had they come home crowned as victors would have
won their crowns too late.
The lines came into his forehead, and the spring went
out of his stride;
The blue was washed from a woman's eyes, the laugh
of a young heart died.
If you fix your eyes on the sky line, you see not the
road you roam:
These saw but the fields of England, they heard but
the songs of home.

There's a farm where the buffaloes pastured, a patch
from the forest torn,
Where the flag of his mother country waves over the
rip'ning corn;
There's a piece of the world's mosaic, a thought in a
new world's brain,
A haunting presence of England in city and forest and
plain;
There are trails that his feet have trodden—though
she lies under the sod—
The love that she bore for her mother-land, her faith
in that land's God,
These linger. The seed corn sees not the wealth of the
waving field:
The Sower alone at His harvest shall measure the
cost and yield.

TO DOCTOR GEORGE

Gray and ghostly alder thickets flame to crimson at
the tips

Where a sun that has some heart in't through the wak-
ing forest slips.

High above us, on Mount Sicker, I can hear the blue
grouse hoot—

Birds are calling, rivers glitter, buds are bursting,
grasses shoot.

On the pine stump by our shanty, Dawson's tattered
map lies spread,

And my partner with his finger marks the footsteps
of the dead.

"Spring," he says, "mate! time to quit it, for the barren
lands and hoar

Where the earth's heart freezes solid and the mighty
bull moose roar;

"Where through endless silent spaces reckless bands of
hardfists plod

By this map and by the compass to the gold they make
their god."

With a laughing curse for danger if across the Arctic
Slope

Lead the two our fellows follow, he who made this
here, and Hope—

Hope who fools them, whom they follow heark'ning
to her spring-call yet,

And the Doctor on whose say-so lives like theirs are
lightly set.

Down the Dease and lonely Liard, northward from the
grim Stickine,
There's a way for such as they be where the little
Doctor's been,

Who made nothing of his learning. Lord! the things
he didn't know,
Would assay no more than mica, are not worth their
weight in snow!

Still I think if they'd have let him, he'd have quit the
noise and fuss
Of their scientists and cities to chuck in his lot with
us,

For he'd crept so close to Nature, he could hear the
Big Things speak,
Hear the hymn of Arctic midnights, of the stars about
the peak.

Aye, and yet he loved his workmates, took the hard-
fist's heart for wage,
While his tired feet wrote his record on the north
land's newest page.

And although the trails ain't charted away up where he
has gone

I should guess its even betting he won't travel far alone,
But that One as knows will meet him, One he served
will act as Guide
To the camp of honest workers, men as never shirked
or lied;

And we'd like to put on record if so be mere miners can
That in lands which try men hardest, Doc. was tried
and proved a man!

A BARBARIAN'S LITANY

"From battle and murder and sudden death,
Save us, good Lord," the preacher saith,
And the people pray "Amen."

From the long slow rot of a coward's peace
When knaves run riot and sins increase;
From the breed of deceitful men;

From a church whose priesthood is too polite
To damn the wrong and uphold the right,
Or give men a clean-cut creed—

Not a murmurous muddle which choirs intone,
But the words of the Thunder written on stone,
Plain laws for plain men to read;

From a world where the lowest come uppermost,
Where the voice of Wisdom is drowned and lost
In the howl from the slums and gaol;

Where ignorance guides; where told-by-the-head
Majorities lead, and the world is led
And the dog is wagged by its tail;

Where Science scoffs at the Creed of Christ;
Where Virtue is vulgar, and Beauty priced,
And some moneyed cad is the buyer;

Where damages cover a husband's shame;
Where the oldest title and noblest name
Is for sale to the Company liar;

Where the London market's the final court
To which the kings of the world resort,
 Whilst tolerance and compromise

Blur the Commandments and blend the breed
With every rabble whose god is greed
 Whose weapons are fraud and lies.

At the price of battle and sudden death,
Save us, good Lord, here is one man saith :
 Give us back the bloodthirsty man !

Take their arbitrations and cozening words,
Give us back our faith and our fathers' swords,
 And let those of us keep who can !

NIGHT ON THE FRONTIER

Night closes in. The thousand lights that played
Gem-bright and warm upon the daylit sea
Are dead. Ghost clouds with mantles frayed,
Laden with tears, stoop earthwards wearily,
And I, Lord, am afraid.

The pines that were sun-filled, and tuneful swayed
To the dance music of the merry morn,
Stand stark as men beside a grave new made
Pointing lean fingers from a world forlorn,
Bidding Man be afraid.

The Sun lied to me. All seemed known and near,
Earth, Sky, and Sea for me their gifts displayed;
Me the World's centre, all things held me dear,
They bade me laugh, who should have knelt and
prayed.
How could I be afraid?

And now! My lonely littleness! That cry,
Some homing seabird's, on wan waves delayed
Just at the shadow's edge, is a reply
To my heart's terror. Wherefore have I strayed
Who am so sore afraid?

I dare not think. The darkness hems me round;
The things I dreamed were lifeless leave their place,
Speak without voices, move without a sound;
Crowds that I know not fill all-circling space,
I almost see Thy Face.

Curtained by Life, *they* could not enter in,
The World's narcotics drugged the victim laid
On the World's altar. The great city's din
Deafened his ears. A glittering veil was made
For eyes that sight affrayed.

There was one heart that was my own heart's twin,
No stronger and no greater than my own;
If I must leave the Known and strive to win,
So weak a thing, to such a vast unknown,
Bid me not come alone;

But if Thou canst, for feeble feet that err,
Find through the maze of worlds that Thou hast
made
A trail to lead me back again to her
Who strove to make me love Thee whilst she stayed,
I *might* not be afraid!

FAILED?

“Fight!” When the spring sun shone—and, after hail,
The whole world, braced, felt all the blood of youth
Surge towards the sun—you fought. Truth could not
fail,
And you relied on Truth.

Silent you fought, when summer sapped your cheek,
Dried all the dew, and made the song birds still.
Victory were worthless if the foe were weak,
And you were strong of will.

Wearied you fought in autumn’s failing light,
The losing fight man is not meant to win.
It may be God will elsewhere requite—
Is Truth as strong as Sin?

Still fighting blinded on your loosened knees,
With swordless hands scarce strong enough to pray,
Whilst Darkness gathered, and through groaning trees
A man’s soul passed away.

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Failed? Ay! You could not win, yet bore the stress—
Turned not the flood, but stayed awhile the tide—
Failed where to fail was God-like. Is success
Worth that for which you died?

“Men did not mark you.” Do men mark the coal
Piled in the furnace? It begets the steam
That drives the roaring world towards its goal—
To be, man need not seem.

"You did not win." Did England ever yet
Win the first round? Were you not English-bred?
Time! Back to your Great Second's knees, and set
Your eyes beyond the Dead.

"One man against a thousand!" Glorious odds!
Think you the gods who watch are less than men?
If men love stubborn courage, shall the gods
Give you cold welcome, when,

Beaten and broken in a hopeless fight,
Wounds all your winnings, all your boast "I tried,"
You stagger from Earth's darkness to that light
For which you fought and died?

You were not meant to win. God chose to pay
Your life the price of some position won.
What is it to the soldier, if the day
Sets on his duty done?

And if there be no crown, is that you lost
So priceless, now you see it from your goal?
Is that they won, worth half the work it cost?
You may have won your soul!

ENGLAND'S DAY.

When every sea is sounded,
When every land is sown,
Each furthest headland rounded,
Each soaring summit known;

When the forces of Creation
And the Elements pay toll,
And the stars sing salutation
To the Jack at either Pole;

When every human burden
Finds an Englishman to bear,
Each quest that gives no guerdon
An Englishman to dare;

When all men's laws are stable,
And no man's withers wrung,
When the thousand sons of Babel
Praise God in Shakespeare's tongue;

When the broken hearts are mended,
And the hungry mouths are fed,
The world's last labour ended,
And woman's last tear shed;

When we've broken every fetter,
When the world is filled with light,
When there's nothing left to better,
And there's no one left to fight;

When we've drained the cup of sadness,
Touched the topmost rung of fame;
Taught the world to throb with gladness
At the whisper of our name;

When all the trails are broken,
And all the wrongs set right,
And all God's message spoken,
Then, Englishmen, Goodnight!

THEIR TESTAMENT

(Feb. 21st, 1900)

Why is it that ye grieve, O weak in faith,
Who turn towards High Heaven upbraiding eyes?
Think ye that God will count your children's death
Vain sacrifice?

Half-mast your flags? Nay! fly them at the head.
We reap the harvest where we sowed the corn.
See, from the red graves of your gallant dead
An Empire born!

Do ye not know ye cannot cure a flaw
Unless the steel run molten-red again?
That men's mere words could not together draw
Those who were twain?

Do ye not see the Anglo-Saxon breed
Grew less than kin, on every continent;
That brothers had forgotten in their greed
What "brother" meant?

Do ye not hear from all the humming wires
Which bind the mother to each colony,
How He works surely for our best desires
To weld the free,

With blood of freemen, into one Grand Whole,
To open all the gates of all the Earth?
Do ye not see, your Greater Britain's soul
Has come to birth?

Do ye not hear above the sighs, the song
From all those outland hearts, which peace kept
dumb:

There is no fight too fierce, no trail too long,
When Love cries "Come!"

Can ye beat steel from iron, in the sun?
Or crown Earth's master on a bloodless field?
As Abram offered to his God his son,
Our best *we* yield,

And God gives answer. In the battle smoke
Tried in war's crucible, washed white in tears
The Saxon heart of Greater Britain woke,
One for all years.

Lift up your eyes. Your glory is revealed.
See, through war's clouds, the rising of your sun!
Hear ye God's voice. Your testament is sealed,
And ye be one!

IN MEMORIAM

(*A.S.L. (Rector of Fairford))*

Down the dim aisle through Dürer's window floats
The laughing sunshine of the early spring,
In floods of colour; while the throstles sing
As if their very souls were in their throats.

Fair Colne laughs by, and yet the bells swing slow,
In mourning measure; every head is bent;
Blinded with tears is every eye; our Lent
Lingers through Easter; God, why is it so?

Year after year, our Easter offerings lay,
Lord, at Thine Altar; music, flower, and song,
White lilly wreaths, the organ's thunder strong
To swell Thy praise, O Christ, on Easter Day.

Year after year, the music of his voice
Told the old story with a poet's fire,
Clothed the old truths with colour, led the choir,
Taught us "to worship was but to rejoice."

As men who gaze into spring's azure sky,
Where some sweet skylark sings far out of sight,
So stand we gazing, if perchance we might
Hear, though far off, our brother's last "Good bye"

O sweet dumb lips, which once were gates of song,
Sing to us still, the while our path is trod
Leading through trouble (it may be) to God!
Where thou art gone before, we pray to be ere long.

RUSSIAN SONG

Ye rippling waves of golden corn, full ears,
And reapers singing merry 'mid the grain,
Be still, nor move these heavy eyes to tears;
What once brought joy, now brings me only pain.

Whilst she still lived, sweet soul, now shrined in heav'n,
Labour was sweet—alas! 'tis bitter now;
Wealth worthless if to her it is not given;
Then rest, ye reapers—labourers, leave the plough.

Ah me! there is no light upon the sheaves,
The music of the summer breeze has fled;
In summer's place are winter and dead leaves—
Why *should* I labour still, while love lies dead?

LONELY I WANDER

(Translation from Lermontof)

Lonley I wander, while the white road glistens
In flinty brilliance through the mists afar;
Still is the night; the very Desert listens
For some god's voice—star whispering to star.

In royal calm Night sweeps along the sky,
In silver clouds the dreaming Earth is set;
Peace reigns supreme; mine is Earth's only sigh.
What do I wait for? What do I regret?

I wait for nothing. Having drained Life's lees,
I hope for nothing; nothing I regret.
I only ask to lie beneath the trees,
To pass through dreams to lands where men forget.

I ask for Sleep— for Sleep, but not for Death;
Not that chill silence which is this Earth's doom,
But Slumber, warm with life, stirred by sweet breath,
A summer slumber in the greenwood's gloom.

Where some girl's voice sings to the drowsy ear
Songs of young love—low songs whose slow refrain
The green leaves murmur through the endless year—
“Dreams without waking! Love without love's
pain!”

THREE TABLEAUX

ISOLATION

Dreaming she sat, while every tide that turned
Bore to her feet rich wares from over seas;
But though her hearth fires ever brighter burned,
Her strong sons wandered from the Mother's knees,
Until, with half a world beneath her throne,
The Mother stood or seemed to stand alone.

THE GATHERING

'Twas Envy's chance, and the red sword of War
Threatened the Throne. A jealous world grew dumb,
Waiting the blood-red setting of our star;
But ere her proud lips deigned to whisper "Come,"
From all earth's quarters—north, south, east, and
west—
The Eaglets gathered round the Eagle's nest.

IMPERIAL FEDERATION

Ay! Fly the dear old flag—let trumpets sound!
Those who would crush the rose, have clasped its thorn;
They came to break; and but more surely bound—
To slay, and saw a Greater Britain born,
Whose boast is this—all ancient boasts above—
Stronger than swords of steel are bonds of love

TABLEAU

*(Girl dreaming in picture gallery—Sleeps—Ancestors
step out of frames and dance minuet)*

I wonder if it's really true that you are only paint,
That every beau's an angel now, and every flirt a saint?
The river sings its old song; the moon begins to set;
The night is sweet, as nights were then, with rose
and mignonette,

The very floor beneath my foot once knew your flying
feet,

When you were all a man should be, and you, dear, all
that's sweet.

I wonder if I really am, and if you only seem?
Or if it's really you who wake, and really I who dream?
And if when all the house is dumb, and men in sleep
forget,

You dance your stately dances still, gavotte and
minuet?

THE BLOOMING OF THE ROSE

I heard a voice that babbled round the world,
Saying that England's rose would bloom no more;
That England's Union Jack was furled,
And England's manhood rotten to the core;
That if She called, Her children would not come.
I heard no answer—English lips were dumb.

I heard a voice that cried from over sea
Of English Esaus, outlanders who make
New worlds, saying, "We would be free:
Will you not answer, Mother, for our sake?"
And still no voice, but the dumb lion stirred,
And watching nations whispered, "She has heard."

Aye, She *had* heard, and all Her lion brood
Moved in their lairs, and there were hurrying feet
On the long trails that run throughout the wood,
While from Earth's edges to the Judgment Seat
Came voices crying, "We who rule the sea
And teach all lands, shall not our sons be free?"

And then the Red Rose bloomed, and the world woke
To see the thorns in which our Rose is set;
The patient silence of our Britain broke
And blossomed into flame—the bayonet
Drove up the heights, as drives a northern sea,
Strong as our people, as our people free.

We seek not fame. Earth has no higher rung
For English feet to climb to. O'er our Dead
Waves and the winds of all the world have sung
The master songs of triumph—all is said
When on the headstone of her noblest son
England has written these two words, "Well done."

They cannot see the wind that moves our ships
The blood of Earth that makes our roses red,
The pride beyond all speech that seals our lips,
The height beyond men's hope of England's Dead;
And can they measure, they outside our gate,
The love of Britons that makes Britain great?

SPRING IN HIDING

Are you hiding from us, Springtime, hiding in the
slashing?

Coming from the mountain, I saw your tracks go
down

In among the willow swamps, I heard your young feet
splashing,

Saw—among the alder stems—the glitter of your
gown:

Found—upon a snow drift—toys you dropped in run-
ning,

Cups of pale anemone, full of fairy fire:

On the mossy benches, where the deer were sunning,

Almost caught a glimpse of you, clad in green attire:

All but caught you peeping; caught the corner lifted

Of that dainty veil you weave, of cedar lace and
mist;

The shadow of your flying robe across the plough land
drifted,

The ridges blushed to purple which your little feet
had kist.

The catkin told your secret. He was bursting, dear, to
tell it,

And the dimpled baby brooklet just chuckled it
aloud,

All the fog grew opal-tinted and a miracle befel it—

Was it just a common rainbow, or your smile behind
the cloud?

Ah, then, won't you come, coquette? Must we weary
for you yet?

Won't you teach the world a quickstep, put a rose
behind its ear?

Won't you sing us all the silly songs that coax us to
forget?

Sow a hope in every bosom and a rainbow in each
tear?

THE MORTGAGED FARM

The orchards have come to bearing. In billows of rosy
bloom
Nestles the Settler's homestead. The fringes of gorse
and broom
Glow golden against the sapphire. The meadows that
seaward sweep,
Tuneful with bells and drowsy with bleatings of full-
fed sheep,
Are sweet with the clover's incense—roses climb to the
eaves—
Drunken with sweets, the sea winds sleep in the maple
leaves.

And you have bought up the mortgage? Man, but that
was not dear!
A dollar we'll say per acre, and twenty for ever year
It took those two to clear it. That matters but little
now,
She has the peace she prayed for, and he has rest from
the plough.
And you? Being free from a mortgage, you'll make
the old farm pay,
Managed by modern methods, worked in a business
way.

Let us go back to the slashing where you heard the
pheasant crow,
Where under the fallen giants the dog-tooth-violets
grow,
Deers-foot and ladies slippers, the only flowers which
grew

To deck my lady's parlour when that old house was
new:

When he was digging "borders," and she, with
mother's care,

Tending her "slips" from England, the planting of each
a prayer

For a home like that home she came from—There is
the fight he won:

Here is the field he died on, the work that he left half
done.

Can you not see them bending over the crosscut saw,
Love their only possession, labour their daily law—

The Douglas leaning slowly, its topmost limbs asway,
To rush to earth a ruin, in clouds of woodland spray—

See them, close together, their own lives on the wane,
Counting the years her roses will take to her window

pane—

See the dreams that they lived for, the pictures fancy
drew

Of fields they never finished, of folds they never knew?

Aye, you have bought a bargain with human lives
thrown in,

Their fields to bear the harvests your reaper folk shall
win,

But *the dream* which those folk fashioned has not been
bought or sold!

When Spring is most impassioned, when gorse is virgin
gold,

When grass is living emerald and evening seas afire,

When pines are full of music as youth with love's de-
sire,

You shall feel an unseen presence, shall hear a heart
in tune
With the glory of *her* roses, with the peace of early
June—
You shall balance fact with fiction, their dream against
your dross
The profits of your purchase, the requitals for their
loss!

DAWN AT PIER ISLAND

The thresher pack went roaring through the night
Chasing the salmon shoal. The ghostly moon
Gleamed on lean fins, that stood a fathom's height
Above the flood, and in Night's dark mid-noon
I heard the sea things move, seals bark and owlets
croon.

Then came white dawn, baptizing branch and bole
With an unearthly splendour. Dark forms crept
On velvet feet to covert. Slowly stole
A smile o'er Earth's dear face, as if she kept
Her lids a moment closed, tho' she no longer slept.

From restless ripples which had cradled him
A romping zephyr sprang, and, laughing, set
My baby orchard moving to his whim—
Each dryad curtsied, every coronet
Bowed as it danced its morning minuet.

From the deep clover, one strong challenge note
Woke all God's choristers. On every spray
Some sweet bird-angel swelled its tiny throat.
Nature arose and bent herself to pray—
Amongst His flowers God walked and blest His
breaking day.

Then rose a sound of lowing from the byres;
The hearth smokes mounted heavenward, coil on
coil;
Then came the clink of cans, the creak of tyres;
The crows sedately sought their morning spoil,
And even laggard man went whistling to his toil.

A SOU'-WEST STORM

From the brooding gloom of the wild Sou'-West
The scuttering black duck come,
While the wheeling mallards drop in to rest
In the whisp'ring sedge where they had their nest,
And our loosened shingles hum.

There's a threat in the tops of the swaying trees,
And the sea's skin seems to crawl,
The sheep and the cattle are ill at ease,
A blind swell travels before the breeze
And tosses my anchored yawl.

Oh, heavy the drops on the barn roof ring,
Stars spatter on ev'ry pane,
Across the mist goes a found'ring wing
Blown out of the sky—the salt sprays sting
And the lights begin to wane.

On the sodden pastures the splashes spread,
Wide stretches of cheerless gray;
In the hollow tree the coon is a'bed,
The murdering mink to his cave has fled,
And the fish have fled the bay.

Then the wind that is wet with an old world's tears,
That mourns for millions dead,
Grown mad with the woe of a thousand years,
Burdened with prayers that no kind God hears,
Shrieks like a soul in its dread!

All Life cowers dumb while the dead trees cry,
The long dead kings who have stood
Through countless years with their crowns in the sky,
They totter and fall and the wind sweeps by
And Hell is loose in the wood.

But the trees may crash and the house walls throb
And the loosened shingles hum;
The Heavens may rave, and the wet winds sob,
For faith has a cache that no winds may rob—
She knows that Spring will come!

AUTUMN SALMON RUN

Vague space, and in the hush, Dawn's pencil drew
On the damp clouds of darkness, line by line,
Peaks and vast headlands, while a fresh wind blew
Sharp with the stinging kisses of the brine
Pungent with perfume of the sun-burnt pine—

Through drifting veils of filmy forest smoke
Filtered the rose-pink promise of the day,
The sea plains heaved, the tide rip laughing woke—
Beyond the sun-limned shallows of the bay
Ocean, a palpitating opal, lay—

Misty, mysterious. Throbbing fairy fire
Coursed through its veins and all the madcap throng
Which cradles in the tide rip, Ocean's choir
In stoles of roughened silver, deep-voiced, strong,
Danced as it sang the young tide's meeting song—

Working the sea to madness. Sudden waves
Roared by the cliffs, fretted the canopies
Written with runes, and echoed in the caves.
There was no wind to swing the slender trees,
And yet, through fields of calm, ran racing seas.

Strange eddies came and went—the black-toothed rocks
Were whelmed in waters piled upon an heap—
Louder and wilder grew the thunder shocks
Of the tempestuous rip. Beyond—the Deep
Lay calm and smiling, mother-like asleep.

Then fell a miracle. The waters knew
Some deep sea call, and their swift tides became
Incarnate, and sudden incarnate grew
Their shifting lights—argent and azure flame
Drave through the deep. The salmon pilgrims came.

A pilgrimage foredoomed, from depths profound
To grey Alaskan waters, turgid, pent
Mid mildewed pines, where never sun nor sound
Of ocean's song can reach—the last event,
To rot on glacial mud, frayed, leprous, spent.

NOTE.—The salmon pass East Point on Saturna Island in the early autumn season of forest fires, on their way to grim Alaskan waters, where most (all?) of them die.

CANADA'S EMBLEM

When the white frost lies on the topmost rail
Which fences the fold where the sheep are fed,
When the stems of the purple fire-weed fail,
And the bracken losing its russet red
Takes the livid hue of the clouds o'er head,
When the fear of the Ghost from the White North
grows
In sullen pines where the wolves are bred,—
In Gold and in Crimson the maple glows!

When under the stars on an unseen trail,
The hosts of the clamorous fowl have sped;
When the old folk die and the young folk ail,
And the homing cattle by instinct led
Come wandering down to the rancher's stead;
When the old year draws to a dreary close,
And the hearts of men are oppressed by dread,—
In Gold and in Crimson the maple glows!

When the rain storms thresh with pitiless flail
The last faint flowers in the garden bed,
And the sloops drive home under shortened sail;
When the songs are over and song birds fled,
And the last farewell of the Autumn said;
When the bleak world shudders because it knows
That the feet of its dying are round its dead—
In Gold and in Crimson the maple glows!

L'Envoi.

Even so should a brave man's sunset shed
From the heights of pain, through the mist of woes,
A flame on the path which we all must tread.
In Gold and in Crimson the maple glows!

CHRISTMAS GREETING

Back! we are back from the frontier lands,
Where the greatest game of the world is played,
Where men take their lives in their reckless hands,
Play hazard with Death and are undismayed.
We are back from the mine and the railway grade
To our island home mid the orchard trees,
Each to his merry Canadian maid—
Peace and goodwill to you over the seas!

We have seen the surf upon Arctic strands,
Have tickled Earth's ribs with a miner's spade;
Washed gold at Nome from the frozen sands
Where mammoth and aurochs lie undecayed;
Back in our overalls tattered and frayed
To kneel with our girls on our bended knees,
Praying the prayer that the angels prayed—
Peace and goodwill to you over the seas!

We have done the work which the Race demands,
Have worked for a wage which cannot be paid,
Contented, if only She understands
That 'twas not for a dole of fame or trade
Alone that we cleared, that the rails were laid,
But just for Her folk, who such labour frees,
Giving room to breathe in the homes we made—
Peace and goodwill to you over the seas!

L'envoi.

Sire! if political critics upbraid,
As if we forsooth had not paid our fees
To share in the Empire our fathers swayed—
Point to the world you rule over the seas.

BOATMAN'S SONG

(Gulf o' Georgia, B.C.)

It is sun-soaked peace that the land folk crave,
And the drowsy voice of their sheep
Give me the roar of the rising wave
When the Sou' West harries the Deep.

When the salt o' the sea gets into your blood,
And the throb of its heart to your brain;
When the live boat lifts to the living flood,
And you flush to the kiss of the rain;

When the great tides fill and the sea bowl tips,
And the waters run on an heap,
And out of the womb of the swirling "rips"
The lean white sea wolves leap;

When down the valleys of gloomy grey,
And over the slant sea walls,
The black squalls race, the white caps play,
And the shrieking sea bird calls—

Then my spirit stirs, and my pulses beat,
And the long gone years come back,
Thank God, to be free from the man-filled street,
And out on the Viking's track!

HEARD AT THE CLUB

Surgeon—"The mere existence of pain disproves the existence of a beneficent Almighty."

Athlete—"If you look on your body as your soul's arm-chair, perhaps, but if you look on it as a gymnasium? What do you say, Hayseed?"

Farmer—Under my window I planted a rose,
Made it a nest with my own two hands,
Where all that is sweet in springtime grows,
Brought from the dearest of all dear lands
Where sunbeams nestle till evening's close,
I planted and tended my rose, my rose!

At the call of spring, through my diamond panes,
Daffodils, violets, all sweet eyes
That laughed with the lad in his English lanes
Pitying smiled at the old man's sighs,
While the secret which only my garden knows
Was whispered me thus by my rose, my rose!

She climbed, sweet fool, where none may attain—
Love led her upwards, Love was her life,
Till reaching at last to my window pane,
Her arms were lopped by the Gardener's knife—
Arms which would fain round my window close
Were cruelly lopped, yet He knows, He knows!

Unbeaten still, though her body bled,
Not to be crushed in a first emprise,
Her blind roots sought for a broader bed,
Lowlier room for her energies—
Sought but to find that all ways were barred,
Narrowed and cramped by the Gardener's shard.

She might not climb, and she could not creep,

There seemed no way she might reach her goal,
Till the strength and sweetness that would not sleep

Surged to her centre and formed her soul—

Now the nightingales sing, as her bud uncloses,

“It was pain made perfect your rose of roses!”

CANADA'S SPRING

The fresh-sawn cedar scents the morning breeze,
There is a new-born light upon the lea,
There is a stir of young life in the trees,
There is a Voice far out at open sea
Which calls to Hope and mocks old Memory.

Calls, "They were green, the leaves of yester-year,"
Calls, "Those who bred us bravest were and best,
But if their deed be done—those leaves grow sear,
The Sap still lives, and for a greater quest
Her children bouned them. Spring is in the West!"

Through mountain barriers clang our iron wheels,
Wastes infinite drink up our broadcast wheat,
Through cumbering forests our axe chorus peals,
Our trails are all athrob with coming feet.
Earth's mightiest ocean rocks our infant fleet.

It is a time of swarming. From the Hive
Where half the honey of the world is stored
Come the World's Bees, strong with youth's strength,
to strive
Against a wilderness their kin explored,
A wilderness which hides earth's richest hoard.

Oh, Britain, trust the Builders thou hast bred!
Grow in thy mother pride, Draw closer still,
Adventurers worthy of thy peerless dead.
Thou wert the Founder; by the Almighty's will
And in His name, thy task thy sons fulfil.

JUBILEE HOSPITAL

Beyond the city's fever and the cries
Of man's delirium, where the shamed streets run
To hide them in the grass, when April skies
Dapple the purple plough lands we have won
And all the Cloth of Gold round Camosun,

We built an altar—not as conquerors, vain
Of some achievement of the ensanguin'd sword,
But having known all heights and depths of pain,
And bound men only by the white man's word,
We built to Thee, the Pitiful, oh, Lord!

Here be no triumphs; no blood-drunken kings:
No glories gathered from another's shame.
In lieu of censors, see the wall-flower swings
Her cups of incense! Meadow larks acclaim
Our quest accomplished, and the wild broom's flame

Burns round our altar! Dreams of laden men
Staggering far spent along our endless trails
Find here fulfilment, ere Life's last amen—
The dreams which come, when all the body fails,
Of rest and cottage flowers, lush grass and glancing
sails.

These be our gauds, and for our minister
That Sister to the Sunbeam—she who slips
Bare-armed and smiling, where they moan and stir
Until like Dawn with cool sweet finger tips
She soothes the fevered brow or slakes the shrivelled
lips.

We bring no sacrifice of gold or myrrh,
No offering bought nor any stained of blood,
Only, dear God, in memory of Her
Who was the Pride of Britain's womanhood.
One flower that blossomed first on Holy Rood,

Man's pity for his brother. Through our gate
Comes woman from the home she must leave bare,
And white-lipped man, hard-handed, desperate,
To face at last a fate he does not dare,
Maddened by pain God will not let him share—

These be our masters. We who conquered, serve
The weak ones of the Earth. For hearts that ache
All that man has of knowledge, brain, or nerve,
With sweetness wrung from woman's heart, we take
To be our sacrifice for Love's dear sake.

Our trail is trod. Lo, here we dedicate
To Him on whom we leaned, the all we won.
His day is dawning. At our western gate
He knocks, oh Mother, and thy youngest son
Waits at His altar here in Camosun.

THE COLONIST'S CRY

It's cruel of you, Springtime, when folks are growing
old,
To set their hearts a-longing for banks of primrose
gold,
Green willows by the river, gold kingcups by the Colne
Where every breath is perfume, a jewel every stone.

Lambs call about the meadows, the rooks are on the
plough,
The thrush is singing anthems, buds gem the apple
bough;
The dreamy shadows nestle in streets of sunlit grey,
Whilst we're away from England, six thousand miles
away.

I see Mount Baker's summit, a cone of rosy snow—
Where waves broke, bloom the lilies: the fields of ocean
glow
As God's sign gleams in heaven: the rocks are pink
with foam
Of ribes and of stonecrop—our hearts cry out for
Home!

For the narrow lanes of England, where may meets
overhead;
Where living hamlets cluster round dreamlands of their
dead;
Where Hope has met fulfilment, Ambition reached its
goal,
Each acre had its story, each homestead found its soul.

Where all the earth is mellowed, and Nature's wood
lyre strung
To loves our maidens whispered, the songs our people
sung;
Where some girls' face is smiling in ev'ry op'ning rose,
Some heart of England speaking in ev'ry wind that
blows.

O England, Songland, Springland! we wander whilst
we live:
To broaden Britain's Empire, the best we have we give:
Surely they sleep the soundest in Mother's lap who lie,
We have worked, our strength is ended: ah! call us
home to die.

SUGGESTION

Were the whole gamut ours,
Had we perfected powers
Were there no beauty still unseen to see,
Then might we ask for more
From those who seeking shore
Catch but the odour of some fragrant tree;

From those who, swimming low,
Fancy faint outlines—know
For one brief moment from some billow's crest
Vague glories—indistinct,
Through rainbow spray a hint
Of some fair land that lies beyond the west;

Or, utterly alone,
At midnight from the throne
Snow-draped that waits the coming of the dawn,
Feel in the dizzy void
Barriers of flesh destroyed,
And shuddering know the Curtain half withdrawn—

Shuddering lest mortal ear
Immortal sounds should hear,
Hear voices which the silence hardly veils,
Yet dreading, swooning, pray
For strength to know—till day
Draws to the curtain and their effort fails.

Can you express in prose
The essence of the rose?
In song the message of the singing deep?
Or, waking, paint your dream
Such that its beauties seem
The supernatural splendours of your sleep?

Always articulate
A poet scarce were great.
Only the known has symbols in our speech,
Yet may man's falt'ring tongue,
Striving for songs unsung,
Suggest the mysteries he cannot reach.

TU QUOQUE

(1905. "*Morning Post*")

They are asking in England whether loyalty is inculcated in the schools of Canada. Lord Minto has recently answered for us.

Brother, you ask too often. We have heard,
Aye, and have answered, as became our breed—
Not easily with empty word,
But by assurances of costly deed.
Are we not loyal? When your first-born went
Did we lose less than you? Beggared, were our necks
bent?

We do not pay our share to guard the State?
You gave us—what? Free leave to find and found
An Empire for you. You were great;
Your waste ones made you greater. The world
round
Flies England's flag, the law of England runs;
The lands are held in trust by England's younger sons,
Having no voice in Council. Even now
Tott'ring beneath the load which makes you great,
You call us to a puppet show,
Afraid hot Youth should venture, in debate,
To blurt the truth you fear, the truth we know,
That you must shrink and die, or, with us, live and
grow.

Nay, are *you* loyal? Brook the impertinence;
'Tis but your coin returned, if we speak free.
Is there no tax except in pence?
In lives and labour have we paid no fee?
Loyal? Nay, you forget. You are but part.
There is an Empire now. Your isle should be its heart.

The truest loyalty to Britons known
Is to the Mighty Empire which is built
World-wide though centred round the Throne.
Disloyalty to Kin and That is guilt.
Your sea-schooled sires who ruled in ham and tun
Taught each to share with all, taught all to bear for
one.

England, awake! Stir from your moneyed ease;
There is no backward way. If you do cower
Before a fate too mighty, seas
May murmur in the future of a Power
Which ruled them once, but Britain's day is done.
United we rule all, divided we rule none.

There is a voice now crying in your streets
Which if you hear will save the nation's soul,
Ope' the Pacific to your fleets,
Give you World-Empire, make your hungry whole,
Raise beyond reach the Flag you would have furled.
You bid us pay our share—unite and share The
World!

RONDEAU

(To Miss S. T. on her marriage, 1908)

If you should ask this gift of mine
For something hid behind the sign—
 A marriage moral wholly meet
 When Love makes loveliness complete—
Look closer, Lady, and divine
The message writ in loop and line:
 “This is the work,” your lips repeat,
 “Of woman’s hands.”

Aye! Looms may work for common wear,
 For lives lived mostly in the mart,
 But that which lies against the heart
Which hides the patch, conceals the tear,
Life’s “real lace work” is the care
 Of woman’s hands.

CORONATION HYMN

Oh God, to Whom our Saxon Thing*
Bowed free born heads and stubborn knees,
To-day we crown Thy servant king
Supreme on all the seven seas.
Hear us, Thy people, whilst we pray,
Crown him Thyself, oh God, to-day.

Let him our English rule preserve,
Teach him the lesson of his race,
That only they who humbly serve
Are worthy of the highest place.
Teach us true hearts, trained hands, to bring,
To serve our God and serve our king.

Crown him with courage to endure,
Crown him with wisdom to unite,
To keep his court and people pure,
To crush the evil, crown the right.
Speak, through his lips, the Master's will
To warring nations, "Peace, be still."

Give him our Alfred's love of law,
Give him our Edward's love of peace,
Give him that love the great queen saw
Close round her person, and increase—
Until, before his reign be done,
In faith his scattered lands are one.

*The "Thing" was the earliest form of Parliament in England.

IN MEMORIAM

(From "*The Week*," April 27th, 1912)

Nay, toll no bells! For the dead march in Saul
Chant we a pæan! See, Pride conquers Pain!
The clouds have broken! Through our Titan's pall
The sun of April lights our world again;
Death has been mocked, been mocked, by men of
British strain.

Aye! Thou hast slain, O Sea, hast slain once more:
Wrenched with rude hands thine uttermost of toll
From those who rule thine highways. Every shore
Is white with bones where'er thy breakers roll;
Man thou canst slay—thou canst not tame man's
soul.

Write on thy rocks and let they surges croon
Yet one more legend of the wand'ring folk
Whose bit is in thy jaws; who crave no boon
Save to serve others; whose enduring yoke
Not all thy storms or bergs or furies ever broke.

Hadst thou to hear our Nelson's voice again?
Hadst thou to learn what danger meant to Drake?
Hadst thou to prove that bribes and threats are vain,
When from the bridge our merchant captain spake
His word, "Be British men"; and for that proud
name's sake,

For manhood's pride, foregoing life and love
With smiling lips, strong man and millionaire
Stood by to look their last on skies above,
Content thy gloomy depths and death to dare
An unknown woman's life, another's child to spare?

"Nearer my God to Thee." Right well ye played,
Heroic bandsmen. Never since her birth
Have troubadours or pipers less afraid
Led Britain's heroes, with such selfless mirth,
Through the grim gates of Death to Heaven's dear
rest from Earth.

Oh, British brothers! Gallant son of France!
And ye, our cousins, who in hours of need
Make great our pride of kinship—Cruel Chance
Has whelmed our Titan, but confirmed our creed—
Man's soul survives supreme: Death only sows the
seed.

TO SIR HENRI JOLY DE LOTBINIÈRE

on retiring from the post of Lieut.-Governor of
British Columbia.

Goodbye! That word rings hollow when we part—
The prayer has vanished from the threadbare
phrase.

Clipped by the hurry of discourteous days—
Born of the lips, unfathered by the heart,

But "God be with you" is our people's prayer,
A people loath to let a loved one go,
A people conscious of a debt they owe,
A people losing one they cannot spare.

You taught us all the lesson of your race;
That strength may dwell in utter gentleness,
That courtesy is born of kindliness
And perfect courage, sheathed in perfect grace.

Two races warring till the time grew ripe,
Alternately the whetstone and the blade,
A Nation! in our Canada have made
Of which, Hope whispers, you are the true type.

God grant it! And for work in His name done
A mellow Autumn, and a people's thanks,
'Till, dreaming by your mighty river's banks,
Long hence, you pass to rest which you have won.

TO SIR WILFRID

(*March, 1910*)

Sir, we have heard you speak. You told this land
That England's war touched not the Daughter
State—

That if at bay She stand

Your parliament will patiently debate
To fight or not to fight. Is this indeed,
Is this Ruth's vow to help her Mother in Her need?

You have forgotten. We have many a guest;
Wide stand our portals and our lands are free;
But to our utmost West

She is our Queen, the Queen of ev'ry sea—
These lands we hold in trust for those who own
One flag, one fleet, and one imperial throne.

British are we. The feet of Britons trod
The long lone trails that knit the world in one
Prayer to our country's God—

Men's, women's graves—the deeds that these have
done,
The long years spent from home, the bitter toil,
Have made this British land and sanctified its soil.

It may be well, in what concerns the whole,
That those who find the men and build the fleet
Should share in their control

In time of Peace—when Britain's foemen meet
We will not question if She's wrong or right,
At the first flap of that old flag—we fight!

TO HAROLD BEGBIE

(*A reply to his "Tongue of the English"*)

Brother, take back across the trail we broke

This message from the Younglings of Her nest—
"The free-necked men who scarcely brook love's yoke
Still hold Thee nearest, dearest, noblest, best."

We who fly out of the north-sea nests, as young-
fledged eagles go,
Over the black ribbed ocean's floor, across God's walls
of snow,
Would you have us baulk at a sky line, would you have
us wait for a chart,
Stay with our wings untested, draw life from a
mother's Heart?

Nay, but we sought a sweetheart, such Mother as thou
of old,
Sea-girt, wild-hearted, deed-loving, beautiful, terrible,
bold;
Not to be won by a weakling, not to be bought in the
mart—
Death in her frown, oh Mother, pure woman's gold at
her heart.

Deaf! she was deaf to our pleading; dumb! she was
dumb to our needs,
Till we caught her manlike and clasped her, wooed not
by words but deeds;
Her ice we thawed with our life blood, we tore her
mountains apart,
From the whip'ring lips of our dying, she guessed at
the English heart.

We have taught her the law of the English; we have
taught her Shakespeare's speech;
And we bring her to Thee, old Mother, for all that is
left to teach—
None other may dare to chide her, none other has
power to part
Thy boy and the bride he brings Thee, to lay on Thy
mighty Heart.

Look through her eyes, oh Mother, to the clear young
soul within—
Give her comfort and strength, Thou Greatest, to work
as she must for her kin,
Till the old world's wounds be healed, till tears no
longer start,
Till we play in the Kingdom of Heaven, to the beat of
the British Heart!

INDIAN'S MONOLOGUE

I heard a stick crack where the trail is blind—
A grouse, that, flustered from her early sleep,
Cheeped in the growing dark—Unseen they creep
Up through the foothills, where the North Forks wind

From the deep snows above the Timber Line—
There go the young strong men, whose climbing feet
Are tireless as the wolf's—Aye! strong and fleet,
As are the fleetest of them, long ago were mine,

Whose trail is ended here. The whispering brush
Nods and crowds closer in the firelit ring
That makes a Heart of Darkness. In the spring
To be a place of ashes—weeds more lush

For that the roots beneath these feet have fed
Upon this thinking brain, this seeing eye.
Will the snows go again, the wild geese fly,
And all the clamorous spring-tide call me dead?

Will all the life which cradles in the South
Surge through the seas and winnow through the
air—

*Khelowna wake again and leave his lair
And salmon silver all the river's mouth?

Will the woods listen breathless where I stole—
I, the Woods' Lord—knee-deep in ruby wine
Of dying fire-weed? Every life was mine
Slipping as sun-light slips from bole to bole—

*The grizzly.

Was I not Master? When my rifle spoke
The mighty moose fell still; the ravens cried;
The forest shuddered. On the mountain side
The gray starved pensioners of my hunting woke.

.

Day gone and light! The myraid pine trees close,
Watching and dumb, about the Thing that dies;
The hungry feet creep near; an hundred eyes
Glare from the gloom. Save me, swift death, from
those!

NOTE.—When an old Indian was worn out his comrades got
him wood and water: made his camp for him: left him food for
a few days and left him to die—

1914

TO THE FRENCH CANADIANS

Whenever a daring deed was done or a chivalrous
quest achieved,
When the odds against were ten to one, and the laurels
bloodiest leaved;
Whenever the fight was fiercest and honour alone not
lost,
Steel to steel in the forefront, your swords and our
own were crost.

Whenever the charge was swiftest, 'twas a laughing
Frenchman led;
Whenever the charge was broken, it broke on our line
of red;
The gayest hearts in battle, the stoutest hearts at sea,
Followed the Leopards of England, or fought for the
Fleur de Lis.

Now this is the Law of England, and Hers is the law
of the West:
The foes who fight us fairly, make the friends we love
the best;
The only peers of our people are such as have dared
and died,
With steady eyes on our bay'net points or cheering lips
at our side.

We have buried our dead together, Wolfe and your
own Montcalm;
We have sung with you songs of battle, we have taught
the seas our psalm,
"Peace and be still," and always we have used our
blended might
To give to the people freedom and to every man his
right.

This is no time to bicker. We who have tried your
worth
Bid you stand shoulder to shoulder, for the peace of
all God's earth.
We have shared this land in common, you have proved
the Old Land's word,
Now let us keep together, the homes we have won by
the sword.

Let us build, to protect our people, a Fleet that the
World may see,
The Ways of Peace kept open by the Leopards and
Fleur de Lis,
And the Land we love grown glorious, secure from
hurt or loss,
By Ocean moated, and guarded by the soldiers of
Holy Cross.

CANADA, COME!

Canada, come! When Her need is the sorest
Shall we alone hear her summons in vain?
Tell them, oh Sons of the prairie and forest,
While there's blood in our bodies our Mother shall
reign!

Chorus

Reign as the fearless one, reign as the peerless one!
Queen of a fetterless, free-for-all sea;
Mother, the lives of us, wealth of us, strength of us,
Take them and use them to keep the world free!

Gallant old France, and the dearest of islands,
The pastures of England, the mountains of Wales,
Bred Canada's people, and mostly, the Highlands,
Where faith never falters and blood never fails.

Canada, come! Teach the old world a story,
The story of brothers no oceans divide;
The Sea's but a road for us, Earth not a load for us,
If the flags of our Sisterhood float side by side.

Britain our Mother is, Mistress no other is
Of seas which are ways between us and our kin;
If any threaten us, Mother, you bet on us,
We will be with you and help you to win!

TO THE DAUGHTERS OF THE EMPIRE

It was not yours to throw the Amalekite

When that world's Enemy laid waste all lands;
But when the Mother pleaded from the height

It was your strength that stayed Her failing hands.

'Twas you who led your lovers to Her fight,

With your heart's blood they quenched the burning
brands;

Your dear eyes beckoned through the North sea night,

You gave the battle to their brave young hands.

And, when at last Love's sacrifice be paid,

A woman's broken heart will there be laid.

MAPLE LEAVES

(*October, 1915*)

There's a wooden church in our furthest west—
A little lone frontier fold—
Round it the dead of our New World rest,
On it's door are the names of our boys, our best,
For God and their King enrolled.

We miss the fall of their swift young feet,
Our fields and our homes lie dumb,
Though we go to the gate, there are none to meet,
And sad is the prayer that our folk repeat:
Will they come, Lord? *When* will they come?

The fold is full of its fallen leaves,
It's trees stand naked and bare,
The mother's heart for her dead boy grieves,
None come back, though the last one leaves—
But God HAS answered our prayer!

For the leaves which were green in the spring that's
dead,
Blood-red when the year grew old,
Now flutter down round the old man's head,
Not splashed with scarlet or stained with red,
But gold of the dawn—pure gold!

SIR CHARLES TUPPER, K.C.M.G.

(*In Memoriam, 1821-1915*)

Where thou wert born, the Breton rocks unshaken,
Breast through the stormy day the Atlantic's roll,
Keeping the orchards where the young buds waken
And hard won acres of thy people whole—
Like them thy stubborn strength, thy steadfast soul.

Second in place, since only one can lead,
And he who led seemed worthy to be served
By the most loyal—in the crowning deed,
When at the Titan's task men stood unnerved
It was thy will that won, thy faith deserved.

The Triumph of the West—that mighty line,
The link that bound two oceans, East and West,
The backbone of your country, his and thine,
Shall be thy monument. To honoured rest
Thy title, midst our strongest, ablest—best.

TO THE PAPERS AND POLITICIANS

Will ye hear a cry from the Scrap Heap, ye who have
 seen your men,
March bright-eyed to the battle, who may not come
 thence again?
Know ye the spirit that sent them, heads high, a swing
 in their stride
To fight as they fought at Ypres, to die as McGregor
 died,
To stand tight-lipped in the trenches, in a blizzard of
 shot and shell—
Or, for Canada, charge light-hearted into the vortex of
 Hell?

'Twas the spirit of national honour, that must fight
 for right and truth,
'Twas the call of the Mighty Mother to her proud
 Canadian youth
Who have laid your flag on His altar, who wreathes
 your brows with fame
Whilst ye still bicker and backbite to blazon the nation's
 shame.

A curse on your vile commissions, that suggest and
 advertise theft,
While young men fight for your honour as the best of
 the old things left.
Will You take the crown the boys won with their
 sacrificial blood
And to gain a party triumph, drag your country's
 name through the mud?

Can ye not pull together to lift your Canada's head,
Whose pride alone consoles her as she kneels by her
gallant dead?

She is hurt beyond hoping or healing, yet she has not
flinched nor cried;

She is proud of the boys her Mother took, will ye not
spare her pride?

“SCRAPPED”

In the last dull flat of a river,
That has all but reached the Sea,
Where it pauses, half dead, to shiver
Ere it plunge in Eternity,
On the mud it has purged ere it passes
Lies a warship of England's Fleet,
Fouled by the slime and the grasses
Impotent—obsolete.

.
Outside is the sound of the surges
As they toll at the river's bar,
Above them, triumphant, emerges
The thunder of Britain's war—
Her mates are living the story
For which she was laid and built,
They are fighting or sinking in glory—
She rots alone on the silt.

.
Was it a breeze made her shiver,
By the envious years entrapped,
In the fog at the mouth of the river,
Unused, obsolete, scrapped?

A RUSSIAN RAKE

This rough translation appeared some years ago in the Proceedings of the
Anglo-Russian Literary Society.—C.P.-W.

"A RUSSIAN RAKE."

Being a paraphrase of the first book of Pushkin's
"Eugène Onégin," in something like the metre of the
original.

1883.

I.

A perfect life without a flaw,
Till sickness laid him on his bed,
My grandsire lived: himself a law
By which our lesser lives were led.
Respect from all (or high or low),
The best he knew, or cared to know!
Yet, oh, my God! how slow to spread
The pillows for the sick man's head:
What prostitution of one's wit
To raise a smile on lips half cold,
With downcast eyes his medicine hold.
All day, all night, beside him sit,
And sighing to oneself still muse—
"When will the Devil take his dues?"

II.

So thought the Scamp, by Jove's decree,
To all his kinsmens' acres heir,
As through the dust post horses three
Pursued their journey "ventre-a-terre."
Friends, then, of Russlan and Liudmiel,
More preface were too much I feel,
Behold the hero of my song,
Onégin, born where roll along
Dark Neva's waters: there, maybe,

You, reader, passed your early days
Or, later, set the town ablaze.
I lived there once. Alas! for me,
Just now I find the Northern air
More bitter than I well can bear.*

III.

His father, after a career
Of honour, lived on other folk,
Gave just three dances every year;
And then, as such men will, "went broke."
Fate kept my hero out of harm,
Whilst Madame led him by the arm;
Until a tutor took her place,
Who, seeing that the Scamp had grace,
And being himself a needy Frank,
Fearing to bore him, deemed it best
To teach him lessons half in jest;
To mildly chide each childish prank,
Be slow to lecture, swift to pardon,
But constant to the Summer Garden.†

IV.

At length to wilful manhood grown
He bade the tutor too, depart,
To lover's hopes and lover's moan
Abandoning his youthful heart.
Pray you behold him, free as air,
In latest style his close-cropped hair,

* Pushkin was ordered to leave St. Petersburg for a literary indiscretion.

† Equivalent of "The Park" in London.

A perfect dandy, forth he goes
To see the world in London clothes,
His French was good: he'd write a letter
Which you could understand, I vow,
There was no stiffness in his bow,
And few danced a mazurka better.
What would you more? His world discerned
That he was "nice" and very learned.

V.

For bit by bit, somewhere, somehow,
We pick up learning, not at once,
But, thank the Lord, its seldom now
A man grows up an utter dunce.
As for Eugène, some well might fear
(Critics exacting and severe),
That though well read he was pedantic.
Faith! he would drive his rivals frantic
By the high air with which he'd touch
On every subject, saving such
As seemed too deep. Then wisely dumb
He waited for his chance to come
And woke a laugh, exposing sham
With unexpected epigram.

VI.

Latin has ceased to be the mode
And—if I needs must tell you true
Onégin scarce could read an ode
An epitaph could just construe—
Of Juvenal he'd chatter gaily,
Finish his letters with a "Vale,"

Would quote the Æneid's verse divine
With but two blunders to the line,
And though from ancient history's dust
 He cared but little to unearth
 Dull facts, he'd move your tears or mirth
With stirring tales of cut and thrust,
And stored his memory with lays
From Romulus to modern days.

VII.

Right little lust had he to learn
 The rhymester's rules: the verse Iambic
He could not if he would discern
 From dithyramb or choriambic—
Theocritus he found a bore,
While Homer wrote bad verse he swore;
From Adam Smith he culled the gist
And posed as an economist.
He knew an Empire's richest store
 Was not in gold, but in her soil
 That native products, native toil
Were truer wealth than hoarded ore—
His father failed to understand
And mortgaged every rood of land.

VIII.

Just now I've neither will nor leisure
 To tell you all my hero knew
But that in which beyond all measure
 His genius shone, his knowledge grew,
From childhood's days—his toil—his pleasure—

On which he spent his time—his treasure
Was Love, that Love whose tender art
Love's poet, Ovid, taught in song
And died Love's martyr; all the strong
And bright life ended far apart
On vast Moldavian steppes, where he
Pined far from well-loved Italy.

IX.

(Missing in the Original.)

X.

An actor born, he'd hide his lust,
Display a passion never known,
Shake maiden's faith or win her trust,
And make all moods alike his own.
As slave of love, or heart whole still,
Her lord, or minion of *her* will;
Sunk in deep gulfs of sullen ire,
Or bursting into words of fire,
Inditing notes in heart's blood writ,
In which, forgetting self, he'd crave
Naught but *her* love this side the grave.
His eyes still seconding his wit
With fire to warm or flame to sear,
Or the soft suasion of a tear.

XI.

Anon he'd ape the innocent
To catch young girlhood at her play,
Cajole with flatteries little meant,
With feigned despair fond hearts betray.

By passion and by craft he wrought
To allay the fears young Conscience taught
To childish hearts—and waited still
Coy kisses given against her will
By conquered beauty: how he strained
 To catch the young heart's wakening beat,
 Arranged the trembling maid to meet,
And then—in Cupid's secrets trained—
Gave her long lessons in that art
Taught lip to lip and heart to heart.

XII.

Aye, even the inveterate coquette
Was scarcely safe against his wiles,
And as for men! such snares he set
 If they were rivals for the smiles
He courted, that their lives became,
Touched by his bitter tongue, mere shame.
The happy wed ne'er failed to gain
A place of friendship with Eugène.
He loved the rake who ere he wed
 In Faublas ethics had been schooled,
 The sage, too aged to be fooled,
And he with horns upon his head;
That most contented man in life,
Who loves his dinner, trusts his wife!

XIII. and XIV.

Missing in original (or suppressed).

XV.

Whilst still in bed Onégin lay
His lackey used to bring the mail.
All invitations! on one day—
Three hosts implore him “not to fail.”
Which shall it be?—ball, birthday party
(To each the invitation’s hearty).
Which first, that is? To choose were vain
Where all so nobly entertain.
Meanwhile, in morning coat arrayed,
Upon his head a broad sombrero,
Along the boulevard our hero
Lolls through his daily promenade,
Until *Bréguet, thy wakeful chime,
Suggests it’s nearly dinner time,

XVI.

And dusk already. In a sleigh
He takes his seat. The driver’s cries
Ring loud and shrill. In silvery spray
The frost upon his collar lies.
“To Talon’s quick!” he shouts (for therein
He knows his friend awaits, Kovàrin).
Once there—the good cork skyward goes,
In streams the Comet Vintage flows,
A juicy steak before them lies,
With truffles, flowers of kitchen-land
(For boys who have the ostrich brand
Of stomachs), fresh made Strasbourg pies,
And amidst fruit and golden pines
A lively Limbourg cheese reclines.

* A watchmaker then in fashion.

XVII.

Another bumper thirst demands
To wash the smoking cutlet down—
The clock suggests with silent hands
A ballet challenges the town
To sit in judgment. Eugène's part
In life, is critic of all art,
In town his fickle tongue does honour
To each danseuse and prima donna—
To green room's bright peculiar star
He speeds to judgment, joins the band
Of those who "really understand."
To applaud each brilliant entrechat
To hiss this one: that one recall:
And make themselves observed by all.

XVIII.

Enchanted ground where satire's lord,
Where freedom's friend, Von Vizin reigned,
Fearless and bright; where apt in word,
And quick of wit, Kniajnin feigned,
Where Ozeroff in other years
Once shared the pit's reluctant tears,
And shared the storm of hands with her
The Peoples' young Semeonova.
There Didlo won his laurel crown.
Katenin raised again for us
The genius of Corneille in Russ,
Shakovsky brought the gallery down.
There on those boards, behind those scenes
Passed many an evening of my teens.

XIX.

My boyhood's queens! divinely fair,
List to my grieving from afar
Whilst others fade, perchance somewhere
Unchanged, still beautiful you are.
Say, shall I hear the singing of your choir
Ever again? or ever mark the fire
And spirit of your dances? Is it true
That sorrowing I must seek the friends I knew
And seek in vain? with blood unstirred behold
The mirth of other? find the spirit fled
Which charmed my past, then turn away
my head
And dreaming sadly of those days of old
Acknowledge that their glamour has departed,
And yawning, close my lorgnette, broken
hearted?

XX.

The house is crammed! The boxes glisten
With jewelled beauty; pit and stalls
Are packed with people; aye! and listen
The gallery for its favourite calls.
Rustling, the curtain rises, Lo! she stands
Slave of the baton in the master's hands:
Half spirit and all beauty, round her press
Nymphs the companions of her loveliness.
One foot just touches earth, and one
Swings slowly round: she leaps, she flies,
As down is driven along the skies
Before the wind's lips, and anon
Her form dilates or dwindle, while her feet,
True time to the quick music beat.

XXI.

The whole house cheers! Onégin enters,
Strides through the stalls on others' toes,
The full force of his lorgnette centres
On lady strangers. Round the rows
On rows, he gazes: in his sight
Scarce one is dressed or looks aright.
Next, to the many men his friends,
A nod, a smile, a word, he sends;
And last, turns slowly to the stage,
Gazes, and then beneath his breath
Mutters "Great Scot, I'm sick to death
Of all this tommy rot; the age
Of ballets passes! much I've borne, I vow,
But even Didlo palls upon me now."

XXII.

Still cupids, demons, dragons, monkeys
Upon the boards, loud revel kept
Within the porch the weary flunkeys
Still curled up in their shoubas slept
The lights still shone; the lamps still glowed
Upon the stage and down the road;
Blowing of noses, hissing, cheering,
Horses impatient of their gearing,
Stamping for cold, still proved the revel
Unfinished yet. The coachmen stood
Around the fire, to thaw their blood,
Wishing their masters at the devil;
When Eugéne took the homeward route
To change again his evening suit.

XXIII.

Must I depict the inmost shrine
Where Fashion's votary passed the day,
Where this æsthetic friend of mine
Would hourly dress and re-array?
Where every toy which London bears
To peddle for the rougher wares
Across the Baltic (fat and wood);
Where all that in her vainest mood
Parisian fashion could devise
To swell his profits, serve his pleasure,
Each useless but artistic treasure,
And all the latest luxuries
Adorned the private room, in plenty,
Of this philosopher-at-twenty.

XXIV.

Well, here's a list of all his assets:
Pipe stems from Stamboul tipped with
amber;
In crystal flagons, cut in facettes.
Perfumes, more fit for lady's chamber
Than his; bronze statuettes, and china;
Scissors of all sorts; and, in fine, a
Rare medley; even for teeth and nails
A score of brushes scarce avails.
And that reminds me, *à proops*
Of finger nails, how famous Grimm,
Because he dared his nails to trim,
Provoked the wrath of Jacques Rousseau,
That gifted madman, Freedom's knight,
Not, in this instance, in the right—

XXV.

For surely men who find some beauty
 In well-trimmed nails are not all asses;
 War with his age is no man's duty;
 Custom's the tyrant of all classes.
 Eugène, in all that touched his clothes,
 Fearing the comments of his foes,
 Was the most careful man extant,
 And what we Russians call a "phrant"
 In dress—a secret this between us—
 Three hours at least Eugène would pass
 Posing before his looking-glass
 Before he issued forth, like Venus,
 When, dressed in all her husband's clothes,
 That merry goddess masquing goes.

XXVI.

Should I so loftily aspire,
 Here might a cultured public get,
 If curious, details of attire,
 And latest modes in men's toilette.
 With reason I might be afraid,
 But then description is my trade.
 Still, waistcoats, evening suits, and trousers
 Have no equivalent, I vow, sirs,
 In Russian, and my luckless rhyme.
 I do confess it on the spot,
 Already is too polyglot.
 Forgive me! I had shunned this crime
 Had I at first been much less chary
 Of reference to the dictionary.

XXVII.

The subject of this meditation
 Not being clothes, our wisest course is
 To seek with some precipitation
 The ball. Onégin's hired horses
 Have long since scared, with jarring feet
 The slumbers of that silent street,
 Where, amidst mansions dark and blank,
 The sleigh lamps blaze in double rank
 Before the spacious portico
 Of one great house in garden set:
 A house whose myriad lights beget
 A vivid iris on the snow;
 A house whose every window frames
 A silhouette of squires and dames.

XXVIII.

Arrived upon this scene, Eugéne
 Slips like an arrow past the sentry,
 Darts up the marble steps: again
 Smooths back his hair and makes his entry.
 The room is crowded: music floats,
 No longer loud, in dreamy notes
 Over the crowds which whispering gaze
 At the Mazourka's merry maze.
 The spurs of guardsmen clash and ring,
 Fair women's feet, more swift than wing
 Of swallow, skim across the floor,
 While swifter far than swallow
 The burning eyes of soldiers follow
 The loveliness which they adore—
 Even jealousy's discordant din
 Is mellowed by the violin.

XXIX.

In glad gone days of Young Desire
A ball like this I deemed perfection,
When midst the dancing, words of fire
And love notes passed without detection.
Ye worthy Benedicts, I tender
Whatever service I can render,
And pray that all of you and each
Will mark the moral of my speech!
And you, my lady mothers, lend
A wakeful eye to your lorgnette,
Or those fair girls will stumble yet,
And do—and do—No! Heaven forbend!
I only sound such warning notes
Because I've long since sown my oats.

XXX.

Alas! in every sort of pleasure
The best years of my life have flown,
And yet, if sickness gave me leisure,
I still would go to balls, I own,
For still I love young manhood's madness,
The crowd, the glitter and the gladness,
Fair woman's studied elegance;
I love the feet which lead the dance,
Shapely and small: (I doubt you'd meet
If you should search it through and through
In Russia's realm a pair or two).
But woe is me, one woman's feet,
Her pretty feet!—they haunt me still
When dreams my slumbering senses fill.

XXXI.

Ah where, and in what lonely wild,
 Fool, will you manage to forget?
 Say, little feet, that so beguiled,
 'Mid what spring flowers ye wander yet?
 Nursed in the gentle East's repose,
 Upon our Northland's dreary snows
 Ye left no track. A little while
 Your light step touched my carpet's pile—
 For that I lost my thirst for Fame
 The greed of glory tempts no more
 Little I miss my native shore,
 Exile or home to me the same,
 All my ambitions fade and pass
 As fades yon light track through the grass.

XXXII.

Young Flor's cheek, Diana's breast
 Are fair, but fairer far to me
 Beyond compare with all the rest
 Thy tiny foot, Terpsichore;
 That foot which to enamoured eyes
 Is full of priceless prophecies—
 Which, by the little it reveals,
 The very heart from manhood steals—
 With the long tablecloth above it—
 In spring pressed on the meadow grass—
 In winter on the fender's brass
 Or by the sea alike I love it;
 Nor least where polished parquetry
 Mirrors its pretty coquetry.

XXXIII.

Well I remember, envious throes,
 When once, before a storm awoke
 Rank upon rank the wavelets rose
 And clamorous round my lady broke;
 Ah! how I wished that I were such
 As they, those dainty feet to touch!
 Not once I vow, when young desire
 Filled all my boyish veins with fire,
 Had such wild longings filled my breast
 To touch the lips of pretty misses,
 To redden their soft cheeks with kisses,
 Or taste their bosoms' sweet unrest;
 No never once did Passion tear
 At my poor breast as it did there.

XXXIV.

Her stirrup now, as in a dream,
 A sacred dream of long ago,
 I seem to hold: again I seem
 The touch of that dear foot to know
 In my hot hand. Once more desire
 Wakes at her touch. My blood takes fire:
 Imagination stirs again
 This withered heart to love and pain.
 But hold! Enough! Thou shalt not praise
 These haughty belles, my gossip lyre
 They are not worthy to inspire
 A lover's pain, a poet's lays—
 Their lips, their feet, their witching eyes
 Are full of nimble trickeries.

XXXV.

But where's Onégin? Lo! he takes
 From ball to bed his sleepy way,
 While tireless Petersburg awakes,
 And kettledrums reveille play.
 The tradesman wakes; the pedlar starts,
 The cabman to his stand departs;
 The wheels of milk carts to and fro
 Crunch crisply in the morning snow—
 The merry morning's wakening hymn
 Begins: shops open; every flue
 Its smoky column to the blue
 Of Heaven sends. The baker trim
 (A German paper capped) throws wide
 His window to the folk outside.

XXXVI.

Tired with the ball room's noisy riot,
 Turning his morning into night,
 He sleeps in welcome shadowy quiet,
 This child of luxury and delight,
 Nor wakes till midday. Then, once more,
 Till morning lives the old life o'er,
 Dazzling but changeless; his to-day
 The counterpart of yesterday.
 And yet, amid such luxuries
 In manhood's flower, was Eugène free,
 Or happy, tho' he seemed to be
 Hero of social victories?
 Did he escape ill health, blue devils,
 Or pass scot-free through all these revels?

XXXVII.

No! All too soon his heart grew chill.

The world's din wearied him. The grace
Of woman, which once seemed to fill

His every thought, now found no place
With him. Friends, comrades, rivals, all—
Even loves, oft changed, began to pall
On him, and when one day he found
Digestion's pangs could not be drowned
In bumpers of champagne; that splitting

Headaches would follow drink to bed,

The words Onégin used were, so it's said,
Not parliamentary, but fitting—
Nay; though a fiery feather head,
He even lost his taste for steel and lead.

XXXVIII.

Little by little that disease

Whose cause he should long since have
seen—

Call it whatever name you please

(In Russian "handra," English "spleen")—
Mastered Onégin. He ne'er tried,
Nor thought, thank Heaven, of suicide,
But turned on life a cold regard,
And like Childe Harold, gloomy, hard,
Frowned on the world. Nor virtue's smile,
Nor gambler's greed, nor passion's sigh
That mocks at maiden modesty,
Nor even scandal, could beguile
His sullen mood. By nothing moved,
He nothing noticed, nothing loved.

XXXIX., XL., XLI.

(*Missing in the original.*)

XLII.

Fashion's fair dames, beneath your sway,
He lingered longest, though we know
Life in the highest cliques to-day
Is apt to be a trifle slow;
For though perhaps one woman may
Talk of "Bentham" and "Jean Say,"
The average run of ladies' chatter
Is silly, sinless, stupid matter.
To such a length their virtues go,
So prudent are they, so correct,
So pious, proper circumspect—
In every act so *comme il faut*,
To man so distant, I admit—
I always get a bilious fit.

XLIII.

And you, my pretty ones, who fleet
In roving droshkies late at night
Over our bridges, down the street
Of Petersburg, your revels light;
And you, Eugène, abandoned. In his den,
Yawning, he turned him to his pen
And tried to write. Alas! such work
Required some thought and thought proved
irksome

To our Onégin. So no song,
Or other offspring of his quill
Ever entitled him to fill
A place amid the struggling throng
Of authors. Stay! I'll make no fun of 'em,
Because it happens *I* am one of 'em.

XLIV.

Again to idleness given over,
He sought (a somewhat nobler goal),
Relief from ennui to discover
In bolting literature whole.
Set books before him, line on line,
Read and re-read without design,
Found Dullness here, Delirium there,
Lies, want of conscience, want of care,
And want of thought and all in fetters.
The old was satire, the up-to-date,
Raved feebly of the earlier great.
As to the ladies, to the letters,
He bade farewell and spread a pall
To cover books and dust and all.

XLV.

From Fashion's burdens breaking free
We met, and bonds of friendship sealed,
Tired of the world's frivolity,
His features to my heart appealed,
The dreaminess which held him still
In reveries against his will.
His individuality,
His wits, cold bitter quality,

Each drew me to him. He was sad,
And I was angered. Both had learned
Love's cruel lesson. Life had burned
Low in our hearts, for either had,
From childhood's dawn, by man or fate,
Been smitten and left desolate.

XLVI.

He who has lived and thought must feel
For man some measure of disdain.
O'er him who once has felt must steal
For days which cannot come again,
Some sorrow. When illusions perish
Regret survives to wring the heart
Until, from sufferings borne, the art
Of poet's eloquence it teaches.

At first Onégin's bitter tongue
Jarred on my listening ear; erelong
I grew accustomed to his speeches
Where jest and bitterness were knit
To give more flavour to his wit.

XLVII.

Ah me! how oft when Summer's night
Hung darkly clear o'er Neva's stream,
Whose laughing waters in their flight
Unmirrored left Diana's beam:
We two along the bank would rove,
In dreams of early boyhood's love:
In dreams of manhood's first romance;

Till sinking into tender trance
All heart, all faith, we silent drank
 The sweet night's breath, such draughts, so
 deep,
 That like to prisoners in their sleep
Laid dungeon free on greensward bank,
We too in happy dreams were borne
To gates of manhood's merry morn.

XLVIII.

Eugène would stand in pensive mood
 His heart o'erburdened with regret,
As once they tell a poet stood,
 Bowed o'er the granite parapet.
T'was silent all, save when the cry
Of watchman's challenge passed us by,
Or sound of hurrying horses' feet,
That thundered down the Million street;
Or wash of boat, by labouring oar,
 Impelled that dreamy tide along:
 Or distant bugle note or song
Heard faintly from the farther shore.
Ah, sweeter even than Tasso's rhyme
Such nights as those in summer time.

XLIX.

Oh, Adriatic! Brenta! Nay,
 I, too, shall see you, and rejoice
With soul fresh fired, as breaks the day
 To the full music of thy voice;
Strong voice, to Albion's poet dear;
Sweet voice, that to my native ear

Whispers of home: oh, nights of gold!—
Italian nights, when, uncontrolled,
I'll drain Life's cup of pleasure dry,
 Some fair Venetian by my side—
 Sweet chatterbox, or else tongue-tied
Because when boats in shadow lie,
True lovers' lips should only seek
The language Petrarch's verses speak.

L.

When will my hour of freedom come?
 'Tis time! 'tis time! My beckoning hand
Implores each sail, when e'er I roam,
 Waiting fair weather on the strand.
When shall I set my homing sail,
And though the waves before the gale
Their shattered crests about me toss,
Unstayed o'er troubled ocean cross,
Touch homeland and be free?
'Tis time this dreary land to flee,
To me ungenial, and my verse,
 'Tis time to rest where south seas swell
 'Neath native Afric's skies, to dwell
In peace, and Russia's cloud-land curse,
Where, wrecked by grief, to love a slave,
My heart has found itself a grave.

LI.

Onégin and myself had planned
 To travel, but before we started
We were by Fate's resistless hand
 For many and many a long year parted.

'Twas thus. Onégin's father died,
And round my friend on every side
Gathered the money-lending crew,
All with some private end in view.
Eugéne loathed business, hated toil,
Was well contented with his lot,
Cared for his losses not a jot,
And left the pack to share the spoil,
Foreseeing, with prophetic eye,
His grandsire's end was also nigh.

LII.

Even so it happened, one fine day
This message from his agent brought him
"His grandsire, who a-dying lay,
To come and bid farewell, besought him."
Onégin skimmed the gloomy greeting,
And started straightway for the meeting.
Post haste along the roads he tore,
Yawning e'er half the course was o'er,
Prepared for money's sake to meet
The weariness of sick men's sighs—
('Twas thus Eugéne first met our eyes).
But, having reached his grandsire's seat,
He found him laid out in his room—
A tribute ready for the tomb.

LIII.

The Court, with servants filled, he found,
Friends and detractors gathered all,
From far and near, the country round—
Guests eager for the funeral.

The dead these duly buried.
The guests and priests got drunk and fed:
And then, the serious business done,
Sedately home went every one.
And lo! Onégin, in his village,
 He who till now all order hated,
 A genuine spendthrift, fresh translated,
To lordship over woods and tillage,
O'er mills and waters, and elate
At all that changed his former state!

LIV.

For two whole days the meadows made
 A novel pleasure for his eyes,
Their loveliness, the oak grove's shade,
 The quiet brook's soliloquies—
All soothed and won him: after that
Woods, hills, and the far reaching flat
Staled on his fancy; nor could keep
Eyes open that were tired of sleep.
Even here, he learned, aye, even here,
 Where there were neither cards nor balls,
 Nor poet's verse, nor princely halls,
The ill he fled from waited near—
Ennui—the shadow of his life,
More pertinacious than a wife.

LV.

Now I was born for peaceful things,
 For rustic scenes, for country quiet,
My lyric muse most blithely sings
 In deserts wild. On country diet

My fancy thrives. In sinless leisure
By lone waste lakes, I take my pleasure,
"Sans souci" for my mottô taken;
Where every morning I awaken
To sweet indulgence, idle ease,
 I read but little, much I sleep,
 Nor strive the winds of fame to reap,
Yet was it not by means like these
That I came nighest happiness?

LVI.

Flowers, love, a village holiday,
 The widespread fields are my delight.
Things Eugène lothed. I'm bound to say
 I wish you'd keep this point in sight,
Lest fancying that you recognized
My features, he should be despised,
And deeming poets such poor creatures
That they can only paint the features
Of their own faces, should repeat
 With ready malice that old stricture
 Passed upon Bryon, that the picture
Which I have daubed in my conceit
Was my own portrait, and discredit
This tale I've taken such pains to edit.

LVII.

I note, in passing, poets seem
 All friends to love's illusive passion;
I, like the rest, have dreamed my dream
 Of figures of so fair a fashion
That they have tenanted my brain

In secret till they lived again.
Touched by my muse, the ideal maid
Haunting the mountains, I've portrayed
And Salgir's captive set in song.

Till now, my friends, I often hear
This question whispered in my ear—
"Which of the pretty jealous throng
Has had the fortune to inspire
The tender love songs of your lyre?"

LVIII.

Whose sweet eyes wake the storm and stress
That fill your moody poesy?
Who crowns your work with her caress?
Who is it that you deify?
No one, by heaven, my friends, I swear—
All unconsolated I've had to bear
Love's foolish sorrow. Blessed, I think,
Those lovers who to passion link
The singer's phrenzy: who can double
The poet's madness, blessed of God,
And, treading paths that Petrarch trod,
Allay at once their bosom's trouble
And snatch a laurel wreath from Cupid.
Alas! in love I'm dumb and stupid.

LIX.

But love once fled, the muse awoke,
My cloudy mind grew clear again,
Once more myself, I strove to yoke
Feeling and thought in my refrain.

I wrote—my heart no longer fainted
For love. My pen no longer painted
This woman's foot, that maiden's head,
Nay, e'er the stanza's course is sped
Love's dying ashes will not glow

Though I still grieve, no tears I shed
Love's storm is all but quieted;
'Ere long it may be mine to know
Heart's ease, and yours a poem penned
In lines and verses without end.

LX.

I've named my hero, formed a plan to
Build up my story on; moreover,
Whatever happens, the first canto
Is finished, and that labour over.
I've scrutinized my work, and see
A lot of things which don't agree;
But faith, I'm not inclined to mend 'em.
No! Let the critics tear and rend 'em,
(Fruits of my labour) I will pay
Whatever is the censor's due;
But you, my new born, off with you
To where old Neva's waters stray;
Go! earn the wages of the muse—
Harsh critiques and loud-tongued abuse.

